

TB

AMERICAN PSYCHO

by

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based on the novel by

Bret Easton Ellis

INTERIOR/RESTAURANT -- 'PASTELS'/NIGHT

An insanely expensive restaurant on the Upper East Side. The decor is a mixture of chi-chi and rustic, with swagged silk curtains, hand written menus and pale pink tablecloths decorated with arrangements of moss, twigs and hideous exotic flowers. The clientele is young, wealthy and confident, dressed in the height of late-eighties style: pouffy Lacroix dresses, slinky Alaïa, Armani power suits.

CLOSE on a waiter reading out the specials.

WAITER

...with goat cheese profiteroles
and I also have an arugula Caesar
salad. For entrees tonight I have a
swordfish meatloaf with onion
marmalade, a rare-roasted partridge
breast in raspberry coulis with a
sorrel timbale...

Huge white porcelain plates descend on very pale pink linen table cloths. Each entree is a rectangle about four inches square and looks exactly alike.

CLOSE on various diners as we hear fragments of conversation.
"Is that Charley Sheen over there?" "Excuse me? I ordered
cactus pear sorbet."

WAITER

...and grilled free range rabbit
with herbed french fries. Our pasta
tonight is a squid ravioli in a
lemon grass broth...

CLOSE on porcelain plates containing elaborate perpendicular
desserts descending on another table.

PATRICK BATEMAN, TIMOTHY PRICE, CRAIG MCDERMOTT and DAVID VAN
PATTEN are at a table set for four. They are all wearing
expensively cut suits, suspenders, slicked back hair. VAN
PATTEN wears horn rimmed glasses. The camera moves in on
BATEMAN as his narration begins:

BATEMAN V/O

We're sitting in Pastels, this
nouvelle Northern California
place on the Upper East side.

The waiter sets down plates containing tiny, elaborately
decorated starters. As he does so we hear BATEMAN's
description of each of the men at the table.

BATEMAN V/O

You'll notice that my friends and I all look and behave in a remarkably similar fashion but there are subtle differences between us. McDermott is the biggest asshole. Van Patten is the yes man. Price is the most wired. I'm the best looking. We all have light tans. Right now I'm in a bad mood because this is not a good table, and Van Patten keeps asking dumb, obvious questions about how to dress...

VAN PATTEN

What are the rules for a sweater vest?

MCDERMOTT

What do you mean?

PRICE

Yes. Clarify.

MCDERMOTT

Well, is it strictly informal-

BATEMAN

Or can it be worn with a suit?

MCDERMOTT

(smiling)
Exactly.

BATEMAN

With discreet pinstripes you should wear a subdued blue or charcoal gray vest. A plaid suit would call for a bolder vest.

MCDERMOTT

But avoid matching the vest's pattern with your socks or tie. Wearing argyle socks with an argyle vest will look too studied.

VAN PATTEN

You think so?

TB

PRICE

You'll look like you consciously worked for this look.

VAN PATTEN:

Good point. Excuse me, gentlemen.

VAN PATTEN leaves the table. As he does so a bus boy discretely removes their largely untouched plates.

BATEMAN

Van Patten looks puffy. Has he stopped working out?

PRICE

It looks that way, doesn't it?

MCDERMOTT

(staring at retreating waiter)
Did he just take our plates away?

PRICE

He took them away because the portions are so small he probably thought we were finished. God I hate this place. This is a *chick's* restaurant. Why aren't we at Dorsia?

MCDERMOTT

Because Bateman won't give the maitre d' head. (he guffaws).

BATEMAN throws a swizzle stick at him.

MCDERMOTT scans the room, settling on a handsome young man with slicked back hair and horn-rimmed glasses.

MCDERMOTT

Is that Reed Robinson over there?

PRICE

Are you freebasing or what? That's not Robinson.

MCDERMOTT

Who is it then?

PRICE

That's Paul Owen.

BATEMAN

CONTINUED: (3)

MCDERMOTT

Who is he with?

PRICE

(distracted by the waitress's cleavage as she bends over to uncork a bottle of wine -- the waitress glares at him.)

Some weasel from Kicker Peabody.

Van Patten returns.

VAN PATTEN

They don't have a good bathroom to do coke in.

MCDERMOTT

Are you sure that's Paul Owen over there?

PRICE

Yes, McDufus, I am.

MCDERMOTT

He's handling the Fisher account.

PRICE

Lucky bastard.

MCDERMOTT

Lucky Jew bastard.

BATEMAN

Oh Jesus, McDermott, what does that have to do with anything?

MCDERMOTT

Listen, I've seen the bastard sitting in his office on the phone with CEO's, spinning a fucking menorah. The bastard brought a Hanukkah bush into the office last December.

BATEMAN

You spin a dreidel, McDermott, not a menorah. You spin a dreidel.

MCDERMOTT

Oh my god Bateman, do you want me to fry you up some fucking potato pancakes? Some latkes?

(CONTINUED)

You spin a dreidel, McDermott, not a menorah. You spin a dreidel.

MCDERMOTT

Oh my god Bateman, do you want me to fry you up some fucking potato pancakes? Some latkes?

BATEMAN:

No. Just cool it with the anti-semitic remarks.

MCDERMOTT

Oh I forgot. Bateman's dating someone from the ACLU.

PRICE leans over and pats BATEMAN on the back.

PRICE

The voice of reason. The boy next door. And speaking of reasonable...

He shows McDermott the bill for the meal.

MCDERMOTT

Only \$470.

VAN PATTEN:

(without irony)
Not bad.

The others murmur agreement. Four platinum AMEX cards slap down on the table.

INTERIOR/LIMOUSINE/NIGHT

BATEMAN is pouring vintage champagne into flutes. PRICE is lighting up a cigar.

MCDERMOTT

Last week I picked up this Vassar chick --

VAN PATTEN

Oh god, I was there. I don't need to hear this story again.

MCDERMOTT

But I never told you what happened afterwards. So okay, I pick up this Vassar chick at Tunnel -- hot number, big tits, great legs, this

chick was a little hardbody -- and so I buy her a couple of champagne kirs and she's in the city on spring break and she's practically blowing me in the Chandelier Room and so I take her back to my place --

BATEMAN

Whoa, wait. May I ask where Pamela is during all this?

MCDERMOTT

Oh fuck you. I want a blow-job, Bate-man. I want a chick who's gonna let me --

VAN PATTEN

(putting his hands over his ears)
I don't want to hear this. He's going to say something disgusting.

MCDERMOTT

You prude. Listen, we're not gonna invest in a co-op together or jet down to Saint Bart's. I just want some chick whose face I can sit on for thirty, forty minutes.

PRICE throws a cigar at MCDERMOTT, who catches it.

MCDERMOTT

Anyway, so we're back at my place and listen to this. She's had enough champagne by now to get a fucking rhino tipsy, and get this --

VAN PATTEN

She let you fuck her without a condom?

MCDERMOTT

This is a Vassar girl. She's not from Queens. She would only -- are you ready? (dramatic pause) She would only give me a hand job, and get this...she kept her glove on.

The men sit in shocked, horrified silence.

IN UNISON

Never date a Vassar girl.

EXT/ TUNNEL NIGHTCLUB/NIGHT

The limo pulls up to the sidewalk outside Tunnel. Price holds the door open for a passing homeless man, who looks confused.

PRICE

I suppose he doesn't want the car.
Bateman, ask him if he takes
American Express.

BATEMAN

(offering card)
You take AmEx, dude?

The man stumbles away. The club DOORMAN, seeing the limousine, unhooks the velvet rope and welcomes them inside.

INTERIOR/LADIES ROOM, TUNNEL/NIGHT

Brilliant white light, a bemused elderly female attendant in a black and white maid's uniform trying to give out paper towels. Music thuds through an open doorway. Trashed looking girls stare into mirrors repairing their eye make-up or sit on the counter chatting to friends. There are almost as many men as women in the room. Couples stand in line, twitching as they wait to do coke. As soon as one bathroom door opens, a couple lurches out rubbing their noses while another couple rushes past them and slams the door.

PRICE

There's this theory out now that if you can catch the AIDS virus through having sex with someone who is infected then you can also catch anything -- Alzheimer's, muscular dystrophy, hemophilia, leukemia, diabetes, dyslexia, for Christ's sake --you can get dyslexia from pussy --

BATEMAN:

I'm not sure, guy, but I don't think dyslexia is a virus.

PRICE:

Oh, who knows? They don't know that. Prove it.

PRICE and BATEMAN finally get a stall and rush in. PRICE is sweating.

PRICE

I'm shaking. You open it.

BATEMAN opens a tiny packet of coke.

PRICE

Jeez. That's not a helluva a lot,
is it?

BATEMAN

Maybe it's just the light.

PRICE

Is he fucking selling it by the
milligram? (dips the corner of his
Amex card in the packet and takes a
snort) Oh my god...

BATEMAN

What?

PRICE

It's a fucking milligram of Sweet
'n' Low!

BATEMAN dips his AMEX in the envelope and snorts.

BATEMAN

It's definitely weak but I have a
feeling if we do enough of it we'll
be okay.

PRICE

I want to get high off this,
Bateman, not sprinkle it on my
fucking All-Bran.

The GUY IN STALL next door yells at them in an effeminate
voice:

GUY IN STALL

Could you keep it down, I'm trying
to do drugs.

PRICE pounds his fist against the stall.

PRICE (screaming):

SHUT UP!

BATEMAN

Calm down. Let's do it anyway.

PRICE

I guess you're right... (raising his voice) THAT IS, IF THE FAGGOT IN THE NEXT STALL THINKS IT'S OKAY.

GUY IN STALL

Fuck you!

PRICE

(trying to climb up against the aluminum divider) No, *FUCK YOU!!*
(He collapses panting against the stall door.) Sorry, dude.
Steroids... Okay, lets do it.

BATEMAN

That's the spirit.

They both dig their platinum Amex cards into the envelope of white powder, shoveling it up their noses, then sticking their fingers in to catch the residue and rubbing it into their gums.

INTERIOR/NIGHTCLUB/NIGHT

BATEMAN saunters towards the bar as 'Pump Up the Volume' plays in the background.

BATEMAN (to BAR GIRL)

Two stoli on the rocks.

He hands her two drink tickets.

BARGIRL

It's after eleven. Those aren't good any more. It's a cash bar. That'll be twenty five dollars.

BATEMAN pulls out an expensive looking wallet and hands her a fifty.

She turns her back and searches the cash register for change.

BATEMAN

You are a fucking ugly bitch I want to stab to death and then play around with your blood.

The music muffles his voice. She turns round. He is smiling at her. She gives him his change impassively.

INTERIOR/BATEMAN'S APARTMENT/MORNING

Tableaux of BATEMAN's apartment in the early morning light. A huge white living room with floor to ceiling windows looking out over Manhattan, decorated in expensive, minimalist high style: bleached oak floors, a huge white sofa, a large Baselitz painting (hung upside down) and much expensive electronic equipment. The room is impeccably neat, and oddly impersonal -- as if it had sprung straight from the pages of a design magazine.

BATEMAN V/O

My name is Patrick Bateman. I am twenty six years old. I live in the American Garden buildings on West 81st St, on the eleventh floor. Tom Cruise lives in the penthouse.

BATEMAN walks into his bathroom, urinates while trying to see his reflection in a poster for 'Les Miserables' above his toilet.

BATEMAN V/O

I believe in taking care of myself, in a balanced diet, in a rigorous exercise routine. In the morning, if my face is a little puffy, I'll put on an icepack while doing my stomach crunches. I can do a thousand now.

BATEMAN ties a plastic ice pack around his face

BATEMAN does his morning stretching exercises in the living room wearing the ice pack

CUT TO

A mirror lined bathroom. BATEMAN is luxuriating in the shower steam, scrubbing his body, admiring his muscles.

BATEMAN V/O:

After I remove the ice-pack I use a deep pore cleanser lotion. In the shower I use a water activated gel cleanser, then a honey-almond body scrub, and on the face an exfoliating gel scrub.

BATEMAN stands in front of a massive marble sink applying a gel facial masque.

BATEMAN V/O:

Then I apply a herb mint facial masque which I leave on for ten minutes while I prepare the rest of my routine.

BATEMAN opens the door of a mirrored cabinet, which is stocked with immaculate rows of skin care products. He begins selecting bottles, jars and brushes, laying them in readiness on the marble counter.

BATEMAN V/O

I always use an after-shave lotion with little or no alcohol because alcohol dries your face out and makes you look older. Then moisturizer-- I prefer 'Gel Appaisant' -- then an anti-aging eye balm, followed by a final moisturizing "protective" lotion...

BATEMAN stares into the mirror. The masque has dried, giving his face a strange distorted look as if it has been wrapped in plastic. He begins slowly peeling the gel masque off his face.

BATEMAN V/O

There is an idea of a Patrick Bateman, some kind of abstraction, but there is no real me, only an entity, something illusory, and though I can hide my cold gaze and you can shake my hand and feel flesh gripping yours and maybe you can even sense our lifestyles are probably comparable: I simply am not there.

INTERIOR/BATEMAN BEDROOM/MORNING

Another huge white room, equally minimal: a futon, rumpled white sheets, a bedside lamp with a halogen bulb, and a large expensive painting (Eric Fischl or David Salle) chosen by Bateman's interior decorator.

Dressed in silk boxer shorts, BATEMAN stands in front of a huge walk-in closet, filled with rows of expensive shirts, shoes and designer suits, organized according to color and tone.

BATEMAN V/O

It is hard for me to make sense on any given level. Myself is fabricated, an aberration. My personality is sketchy and unformed, my heartlessness goes deep and is persistent.

Fully dressed in Armani, BATEMAN stands in front of a full length mirror in the middle of his vast bedroom, adjusting his cuff links.

BATEMAN V/O

My conscience, my pity, my hopes disappeared a long time ago, if they ever did exist.

He gives a last look at the mirror and likes what he sees. He gives his reflection a smile.

INTERIOR/OFFICES OF PIERCE & PIERCE/DAY

As Bateman walks down the corridor, he passes another man who looks just like him.

MAN

Morning, Hamilton. Nice tan.

Bateman walks past the desk of Jean, his secretary, pulling his Walkman from around his neck. She smiles shyly. She loves him.

JEAN

Late?

BATEMAN

Aerobics class. Sorry. Any messages?

JEAN

Ricky Hendricks has to cancel today. He didn't say what he was canceling or why.

BATEMAN

I occasionally box with Ricky at the Harvard Club. Anyone else?

JEAN

And... Spencer wants to meet you for a drink at Fluties Pier 17.

BATEMAN

When?

JEAN

After six.

BATEMAN

Negative. Cancel it.

Jean follows him into his office.

JEAN

Oh? And what should I say?

BATEMAN

Just...say...no.

JEAN

Just say no?

Jean stands at his desk, waiting for instructions.

BATEMAN

Okay, Jean. I need reservations for three at Camols at twelve-thirty, and if not there, try Crayons. All right?

JEAN

(playfully)
Yes sir.

She turns to leave.

BATEMAN

Oh wait. And I need reservations for two at Arcadia at eight tonight.

Jean turns around.

JEAN

Oh, something...romantic?

BATEMAN

No, silly. Forget it. I'll make them. Thanks.

JEAN

I'll do it.

BATEMAN

No. No. Be a doll and just get me a Perrier, okay?

JEAN

You look nice today.

JEAN exits. BATEMAN straightens some magazines in his office, lifts a painting off the wall and puts it back at a slightly different angle. He fiddles with some pencils in a beer stein. He puts on some music and flips through a Sports Illustrated. He buzzes JEAN. She comes in a moment later with the Perrier and a file.

JEAN

Yes?

BATEMAN

Is that the Ransom file? Thanks.
Don't wear that outfit again.

JEAN

Ummm... what? I didn't hear you.

BATEMAN

I said 'Do not wear that outfit again'. Wear a dress. A skirt or something.

JEAN stands there, then looks down at herself.

JEAN

(smiling bravely)
You don't like this, I take it?

BATEMAN

Come on, you're prettier than that.

JEAN

(sarcastically)
Thanks, Patrick.

The phone rings and Jean turns to leave.

BATEMAN

I'm not here. And high heels. I like high heels.

As JEAN leaves, Bateman takes out a three inch color TV (on a pocket watch) and starts watching *Jeopardy!*

INT/TAXI/EVENING

EVELYN WILLIAMS, BATEMAN's fiancée, is making notes with a gold Cross pen and sipping a bottle of mineral water. EVELYN

is blonde, classically beautiful, expensively educated, and utterly pleased with herself. She usually addresses Patrick as if he were a small child.

EVELYN

I'd want a zydeco band, Patrick.
That's what I'd want, a zydeco band.
Or mariachi. Or reggae. Something
ethnic to shock daddy. Oh, I can't
decide... And lots of chocolate
truffles. Godiva. And oysters on
the half-shell.

CLOSE on BATEMAN, who is wearing a Walkman and staring out the window.

BATEMAN V/O

I'm trying to listen to the new
George Michael tape but Evelyn
-- my supposed fiancé -- keeps
buzzing in my ear.

EVELYN continues to make notes.

EVELYN

Marzipan. Pink tents. Hundreds,
thousands of roses. Photographers.
Annie Leibovitz. We'll get Annie
Liebovitz. And we'll hire someone
to videotape. Patrick, we should do
it.

BATEMAN

(removing his Walkman)
Do....what.

EVELYN

Get married. Have a wedding.

BATEMAN

Evelyn?

EVELYN

Yes, darling?

BATEMAN

Is your Evian spiked?

EVELYN

We should do it.

The taxi bumps to a halt.

INTERIOR/ESPACE RESTAURANT/NIGHT

A cavernous garage, harshly spot lit, decorated in self-conscious brutalist chic. Iron girders, walls of waxed plaster featuring exposed rusted pipes, a huge Schnabel smashed plate painting on one wall. The tables and chairs are made of extremely uncomfortable bolted steel.

BATEMAN V/O

I'm on the verge of tears by
the time we arrive at Espace
since I'm positive we won't
have a decent table, but we do,
and relief washes over me in an
awesome wave.

TIM PRICE and two downtown types, STASH and VANDEN are already seated. They are all trying to read large stainless steel menus that look like minimalist art.

PRICE

The menu's in braille.

He gets up to greet them, giving EVELYN a suspiciously long kiss.

PRICE

I have to talk to you.

He drags her away, half giggling and protesting.

EVELYN

(over her shoulder)

Pat, this my cousin Vanden and her
boyfriend Stash. He's an artist.

VANDEN is about twenty, pretty and sullen, with green streaks in her black hair. STASH is pale, with ragged black hair and bad skin.

BATEMAN

(after smiling at his own reflection
in the mirror and checking his hair)
Hi. Pat Bateman.

VANDEN takes his hand reluctantly, says nothing.

BATEMAN

Let me guess - you live in the East
Village?

Pause.

STASH

Soho.

COURTNEY RAWLINSON and LUIS CARRUTHERS arrive at the table. COURTNEY is blonde, classically beautiful and from precisely the same social background as Evelyn, but she is considerably more fragile and neurotic and is usually operating on one or more psychiatric drug. Tonight it's Xanax. LUIS is half-English, half-Argentinean, slightly overweight (a rarity in this crowd), puppyish and eager to please. He wears the same type of designer clothes as PRICE and BATEMAN, but with foppish tendencies: velvet jackets, bowties, boldly patterned vests.

They exchange air kisses. As soon as LUIS turns his back, BATEMAN sneaks a kiss on COURTNEY's neck.

COURTNEY
(whispering) Stop it!

STASH and VANDEN watch them in silence.

LATER:

PRICE is whispering in EVELYN's ear. Everyone else is quietly eating, except BATEMAN, who is drinking and watching EVELYN and PRICE.

BATEMAN V/O
I am fairly sure that Timothy and Evelyn are having an affair. Timothy is the only interesting person I know.

COURTNEY rouses herself from her drug haze.

COURTNEY
Tell me, Stash... do you think Soho is becoming too... commercial?

LUIS
Yes, I read that.

PRICE
Oh, who gives a rat's ass?

VANDEN
Hey. That affects us.

PRICE
(wired on coke) Oh ho ho. That affects us? What about the massacres in Sri Lanka, honey? Doesn't that affect us, too? I mean

don't you know anything about Sri Lanka? About how the Sikhs are killing like tons of Israelis there? Doesn't that affect us?

BATEMAN

Oh come on, Price. There are a lot more important problems than Sri Lanka to worry about. Sure our foreign policy is important, but there are more pressing problems at hand.

PRICE

Like what?

BATEMAN

Well, we have to end apartheid for one. And slow down the nuclear arms race, stop terrorism and world hunger. But we can't ignore our social needs, either. We have to stop people from abusing the welfare system. We have to provide food and shelter for the homeless and oppose racial discrimination and promote civil rights while also promoting equal rights for women but change the abortion laws to protect the right to life yet still somehow maintain women's freedom of choice.

The table stares at BATEMAN uncomfortably.

BATEMAN

We also have to control the influx of illegal immigrants. We have to encourage a return to traditional moral values and curb graphic sex and violence on TV, in movies, in pop music, everywhere. Most importantly we have to promote general social concern and less materialism in young people.

PRICE chokes on his drink. Everyone is silent and mystified.

LUIS

Patrick, how thought provoking.

INTERIOR/EVELYN'S BEDROOM/LATER THE SAME EVENING

BATEMAN

Why don't you just go for Price?

EVELYN

Oh god Patrick. Why Price? Price ?

BATEMAN

He's rich.

EVELYN

Everybody's rich.

BATEMAN

He's good-looking.

EVELYN

Everybody's good looking, Patrick.

BATEMAN

He has a great body.

EVELYN

Everybody has a great body now.

BATEMAN unbuttons his shirt and makes advances to get EVELYN to have sex with him. She is ignoring him, watching the Home Shopping Channel with the remote in her hand. Finally, he straddles her, penis close to her face. She tries to look around him at the TV, then notices him.

EVELYN

What do you want me to do with that,
floss with it?

BATEMAN flops back down beside her and stares at the television, which is showing the Home Shopping Network

EVELYN

Are you using minoxidil?

BATEMAN

No. I'm not. Why should I?

EVELYN

Your hairline looks like it's
receding.

BATEMAN

It's not.

EXTERIOR/STREET/LATE AT NIGHT

It is 3 a.m. BATEMAN is standing at an ATM machine, listening to the comforting sound of fresh bills thudding out of the machine. BATEMAN turns round and watches a solitary young woman walk past him. He collects his money, placing it carefully in his wallet, and then walks toward her, whistling. He catches up to her as she pauses at a red light.

BATEMAN

Hello.

The woman looks suspicious for a moment and then, seeing his smile, smiles back.

INTERIOR/DRY CLEANERS/DAY

BATEMAN, dressed in an Armani suit with an unlit cigar between his teeth is standing in a dry cleaners, arguing with the Chinese woman behind the counter.

BATEMAN

Listen, wait. You're not...shhh
wait... you're not giving me valid
reasons.

The woman continues to speak to him in another language, grabbing at the sleeve of the jacket.

BATEMAN

What are you trying to say to me?

Her husband has taken BATEMAN's horribly bloodstained sheets out of the bag and is staring at them.

BATEMAN

Bleach-ee? Are you trying to say
bleach-ee? Bleach-ee. Oh my god.

She keeps pointing to the jacket and talking.

BATEMAN

(talking over her)
Two things. One. You can't bleach
a Soprani. Out of the question.
Two - (louder) two, I can only get
these sheets in Santa Fe. These are
very expensive sheets and I really
need them clean.

She keeps talking and BATEMAN leans into her.

BATEMAN

If you don't shut your fucking mouth
I will kill you, are you
understanding me?

She talks faster.

BATEMAN

Now listen - I have a very important
lunch meeting (checks Rolex) at
Hubert's in thirty minutes, and I
need those ... no wait, twenty
minutes. I have a lunch meeting at
Hubert's in twenty minutes with
Ronald Harrison and I need those
sheets cleaned by this afternoon.

She keeps talking.

BATEMAN

Listen. I cannot understand you.

BATEMAN starts laughing, slaps his hand down on the counter.

BATEMAN

This is crazy. You're a fool. I
can't cope with this.

BATEMAN is on the verge of tears.

BATEMAN

Stupid bitchee! Understand? Oh
Christ!

Someone enters the store behind him. It's VICTORIA, late
twenties, a little overweight, wearing a tailored business
suit with white sneakers and sports socks.

VICTORIA

Patrick?

She takes off her sunglasses.

VICTORIA

Hi, Patrick. I thought that was you.

BATEMAN

Hello (mumbles a incomprehensible
name).

Awkward pause.

BATEMAN

Well.

VICTORIA

Isn't it ridiculous? Coming all the way up here, but you know, they really are the best.

BATEMAN

Then why can't they get these stains out? I mean can you talk to these people or something? I'm not getting anywhere.

VICTORIA moves toward the sheet that the old man is holding up. She touches it and the woman behind that counter begins talking again.

VICTORIA

Oh my, I see. What are those? Oh my.

BATEMAN

Um, well... it's cranberry juice. Cranapple.

VICTORIA

It doesn't look like cranberry - I mean cranapple juice - to me.

BATEMAN

Well, I mean, um, it's really ... Bosco. You know, like...like a Dove Bar. It's a Dove Bar... Hershey's Syrup?

VICTORIA

Oh yeah. Oh my.

BATEMAN

Listen, if you could talk to them (he yanks the sheet out of the man's hand) I would really appreciate it. I'm really late. I have a lunch appointment at Hubert's in fifteen minutes.

BATEMAN turns to leave.

VICTORIA

Hubert's? Oh really? It moved uptown, right?

BATEMAN

Yeah, well, oh boy, listen, I've got to go. Thank you, uh...Victoria?

VICTORIA

Maybe we could have lunch one day next week? You know, I'm downtown near Wall Street quite often.

BATEMAN

Oh, I don't know, Victoria. I'm at work all the time.

VICTORIA

Well what about, oh, you know, maybe a Saturday?

BATEMAN

(checking his watch)
Next Saturday?

VICTORIA

(shrugging)
Yeah.

BATEMAN

Oh, can't, I'm afraid. Matinee of Les Miserables. Listen, I've really got to go. I'll... Oh Christ... I'll call you.

VICTORIA

Okay. Do.

BATEMAN glares at the woman behind the counter and rushes out the door. Victoria looks after him as we hear the sound of the bell on the door.

INTERIOR/BATEMAN'S APARTMENT/DAY

BATEMAN is sitting on the sofa watching a video, talking to COURTNEY on a portable phone. He's holding a video box in one hand, perusing the title: 'Inside Lydia's Ass'. Off screen we hear the sounds of the porn movie as he talks.

BATEMAN

Listen, what are you doing tonight?

COURTNEY

What? Oh, I'm... busy.

BATEMAN

Listen, you're dating Luis, he's in Arizona. You're fucking me, and we haven't made plans. What could you possibly be up to tonight?

COURTNEY

Stop it. I'm...

BATEMAN

On a lot of Lithium?

COURTNEY

Waiting for Luis to call me. He said he'd call tonight. Oh don't be difficult, Patrick.

BATEMAN

You should come have dinner with me.

COURTNEY

But - when?

BATEMAN

Am I confused or were we talking about tonight?

COURTNEY

Ummm... yeah. Luis is calling me tonight. I need to be home for that.

BATEMAN

Pumpkin?

COURTNEY

Yes?

BATEMAN

Pumpkin you're dating an asshole.

COURTNEY

Uh huh.

BATEMAN

Pumpkin you're dating the biggest dickweed in New York.

COURTNEY

I know. Stop it.

BATEMAN

Pumpkin, you're dating a tumbling, tumbling dickweed.

COURTNEY

Patrick don't call me pumpkin anymore, okay? I have to go.

BATEMAN
Courtney? Dinner?

COURTNEY
I can't.

BATEMAN
I'm thinking Dorsia.

COURTNEY
Dorsia's nice.

BATEMAN
Nice?

COURTNEY
You like it there, don't you?

BATEMAN
The question is, do you like it
Courtney? And will you blow off a
fucking phone call from your sad
excuse for a boyfriend to eat there
tonight.

COURTNEY
Okay. Yeah. What time?

BATEMAN
Eight?

COURTNEY
Pick me up?

BATEMAN
Sounds like I'll have to. Don't
fall asleep, okay? Wear something
fabulous. Dorsia, remember?

BATEMAN hangs up, opens up the Zagat's guide and dials the
number for Dorsia with trembling fingers. It's busy and so he
puts it on speaker phone, constant redial. He waits with his
head in his hands, sweating with anxiety, until there is
finally an answer.

MAITRE D'
Dorsia. Please hold.

He is on hold for a long time, getting very tense.

MAITRE D'
Dorsia.

BATEMAN

(both of his eyes are closed)
Umm..yes.. I know it's a little late
but is it possible to reserve a
table for two at eight or eight-
thirty perhaps?

Long pause. The Maitre D' starts giggling quietly and then more loudly until the laughter is almost hysterical and hangs up the phone.

INTERIOR/TAXI/NIGHT

BATEMAN and COURTNEY are in the back of a cab. COURTNEY is heavily medicated.

COURTNEY

... a facial at Elisabeth Arden,
which was really relaxing, then to
the Pottery Barn where I bought this
silver muffin dish...(she starts to
pass out and then jerks awake) did
you know that Scott and Anne Smiley,
you know, from Bennington, adopted a
Korean boy the year after they were
married? Isn't that sweet?

BATEMAN

Is that Donald Trump's car?

COURTNEY

(thickly)
Oh god, Patrick. Shut up.

BATEMAN

You know, Courtney, I have a Walkman
in my Bottega Veneta briefcase I
could easily put on. You should
take some more lithium. Or have a
Diet Coke. Some caffeine might get
you out of this slump.

COURTNEY

I just want to have a child.
Just...two... perfect..
children...(her voice trails away as
she descends back into a drug haze)

The cab draws up outside a restaurant. The awning reads
'Barcadia'.

INTERIOR/BARCADIA/EVENING

An insanely expensive nouvelle Italian restaurant, all polished natural brick, spotless white table cloths, minimalist flower arrangements, discreet lighting.

A waiter has come to take their drink orders.

BATEMAN

J&B. Straight.

COURTNEY

Champagne on the rocks. Oh - could I have that with a twist?

She starts to sink back in her chair and BATEMAN leans over and pulls her back up.

COURTNEY

Are we here?

BATEMAN

Yes.

COURTNEY

This is Dorsia?

BATEMAN

(examining a menu that says
'Barcadia' in large script)
Yes dear.

COURTNEY almost falls asleep while looking at her menu, and starts to slide off of her chair. BATEMAN grabs her by both shoulders and props her up.

BATEMAN

Courtney, you're going to have the peanut butter soup with smoked duck and mashed squash. NY Magazine called it a "playful but mysterious little dish." You'll love it. And then... the red snapper with violets and pine nuts. I think that'll follow nicely.

COURTNEY

Mmmm... thanks, Patrick.

She falls asleep at the table.

TB

INTERIOR/COURTNEY'S BEDROOM/NIGHT

Bateman and Courtney are in Courtney's bed. Bateman is on top of her, reaching for a condom in the ashtray. He tears it open with his teeth, puts it on.

COURTNEY
(dazed on Lithium)
I want you to fuck me.

Bateman gets on top of her, starts to fuck her.

COURTNEY
Luis is a despicable twit.

BATEMAN
Yes, Luis is a despicable twit. I hate him. (He keeps fucking her.)

COURTNEY
No, you idiot. I said Is it a receptacle tip? Not is Luis a despicable twit. Is it a receptacle tip. Get off me.

BATEMAN
Is it a *what*?

COURTNEY
Pull out.

BATEMAN
I'm ignoring you.

COURTNEY
(screaming)
Pull out goddamnit!

BATEMAN
(slowing down but not stopping)
What do you want, Courtney?

She pushes him away from her.

BATEMAN
It's a plain end. I think.

COURTNEY
Turn the light on. (She tries to sit up)

BATEMAN
Oh Jesus. I'm going home.

COURTNEY
Patrick. Turn on the light.

He turns on the light.

BATEMAN
It's a plain end, see? So?

COURTNEY
Take it off.

BATEMAN
Why?

COURTNEY
Because you have to leave half an
inch at the tip. (She covers
herself with her comforter.)...to
catch the force of the ejaculate!

BATEMAN
I'm getting out of here. Where's
your lithium?

Courtney throws a pillow over her head and starts crying.

COURTNEY
(screaming)
Do you think you're turning me on by
having unsafe sex?

BATEMAN pulls the pillow off her and slaps her face.

BATEMAN
Oh Christ, this really isn't worth
it. And see, Courtney, it's there
for what? Huh? Tell us. (he slaps
her again lightly) Why is it pulled
down half an inch? So it can catch
the force of the ejaculate!

COURTNEY
(choking, crying)
Well, it's not a turn-on for me. I
have a promotion coming to me. I
don't want to get AIDS.

BATEMAN grabs her head and makes her look at the condom.

BATEMAN
See? Happy? You dumb bitch? Are
you happy you dumb bitch?

COURTNEY

Oh god just get it over with.

He fucks her quickly until he has a mediocre orgasm and falls down next to her. They lie side by side with their bodies not touching, eyes open, staring at the ceiling.

INT/CONFERENCE ROOM, PIERCE & PIERCE/DAY

BATEMAN and LUIS CARRUTHERS are seated at a long table in the conference room at Pierce & Pierce, which looks out onto a spectacular view of Manhattan.

LUIS

Patrick, wonderful jacket. Let me guess, Valentino Couture?

BATEMAN

Uh huh.

LUIS

(reaching out to touch it) It looks so soft.

BATEMAN

(catching Luis' hand) Your compliment was sufficient, Luis.

PAUL OWEN enters, carrying the Wall St. Journal under his arm..

OWEN

(to Bateman)
Hello Halberstam. Nice tie. How the hell are you?

BATEMAN

I've been great. And you?

Their conversation fades down as we hear BATEMAN's thoughts.

BATMAN V/O

Owen has mistaken me for this dickhead Marcus Halberstam. It seems logical because Marcus also works at P&P and in fact does the same exact thing I do and he also has a penchant for Valentino suits and clear prescription glasses. Marcus and I even go to the same

barber, although I have a
slightly better haircut.

During this voice-over the camera wanders over to MARCUS HALBERTAM, who is conferring with a colleague in the opposite corner of the room. He bears a superficial resemblance to BATEMAN.

OWEN

How's the Ransom account going,
Marcus?

BATEMAN

(nervous)
It's...it's..all right.

OWEN

Really? That's interesting. (He
stares at BATEMAN, smiling) Not
great ?

BATEMAN

Oh well, you know.

OWEN

And how's Cecilia? She's a great
girl.

BATEMAN

Oh yes. I'm very lucky.

MCDERMOTT and PRICE enter.

MCDERMOTT

Hey Owen! Congratulations on the
Fisher account.

OWEN

Thank you, Baxter.

PRICE

Listen, Paul. Squash?

OWEN

Call me. (hands him a business card)

PRICE

How about Friday?

OWEN

No can do. Got a res at 8:30 at
Dorsia. Great sea urchin ceviche.

There is a stunned silence as he walks away and sits in a corner of the room, ostentatiously studying papers. CLOSE on BATEMAN's face, cold with hatred.

PRICE

(whispering)

Jesus. Dorsia? On a Friday night?
How'd he swing that?

MCDERMOTT

(whispering)

I think he's lying.

BATEMAN takes out his wallet and pulls out a card.

PRICE:

(suddenly enthused) What's that, a
gram?

BATEMAN

New card. What do you think?

MCDERMOTT

(lifting it up and examining the
lettering carefully)
Whoa. Very nice. Take a look.

He hands it to VAN PATTEN.

BATEMAN

Picked them up from the printer's
yesterday.

VAN PATTEN

Good coloring.

BATEMAN

That's bone. And the lettering is
something called Silian Rail.

MCDERMOTT

(envious)

Silian Rail?

VAN PATTEN

It is very cool, Bateman. But
that's nothing.

He pulls a card out of his wallet and slaps it on the table.

VAN PATTEN

Look at this.

They all lean forward to inspect it.

PRICE

That's really nice.

BATEMAN clenches his fists beneath the table, trying to control his anxiety.

VAN PATTEN

Eggshell with Romalian type.
(Turning to BATEMAN) What do you think?

BATEMAN

(barely able to breathe, his voice a croak)
Nice.

PRICE

(holding the card up to the light)
Jesus. This is really super. How'd a nitwit like you get so tasteful?

BATEMAN stares at his own card and then enviously at MCDERMOTT'S.

BATEMAN V/O

I can't believe that Price prefers McDermott's card to mine.

PRICE

But wait. You ain't seen nothin' yet.

He holds up the card.

PRICE

Raised lettering, pale nimbus white...

BATEMAN

(choking with anxiety)
Impressive. Very nice. Let's see Paul Owen's card.

PRICE pulls a card from an inside coat pocket and holds it up for their inspection: "PAUL OWEN, PIERCE & PIERCE, MERGERS AND ACQUISITIONS". BATEMAN swallows, speechless. The sound in the room dies down and all we hear is a faint heartbeat as BATEMAN stares at the magnificent card.

BATEMAN V/O

Look at that subtle off-white coloring. The tasteful

thickness of it. Oh my god, it
even has a watermark...

His hand shaking, BATEMAN lifts up the card and stares at it
until fills the screen.
He lets it fall. The sound returns to normal.

LUIS

Is something wrong? Patrick...you're
sweating.

EXTERIOR/STREET/NIGHT

The financial district. The streets are eerily deserted.
BATEMAN stands at an ATM, enjoying the reassuring sound of
\$500 in fresh bills thudding from the machine. As he turns to
leave he notices someone across the street. A BUM, a black
man, is lying in a doorway on top of an open grate,
surrounded by bags of garbage and a shopping cart. A
cardboard sign is attached to the front of the cart: I AM
HOMELESS AND HUNGRY PLEASE HELP ME. A small, thin dog lies
next to him. The BUM is dressed in a stained, torn lime green
polyester pants suit with jeans worn over the pants.

BATEMAN

(offering his hand)
Hello. Pat Bateman.

The BUM stares at BATEMAN, struggling to sit up.

BATEMAN

You want some money? Some... food?

The BUM nods and starts to cry. BATEMAN reaches into his
pocket and pulls out a \$10 bill, then changes his mind and
holds out a \$5 instead.

BATEMAN

Is this what you need?

The BUM nods, looks away, wipes his nose.

BUM

I'm so hungry.

BATEMAN

It's cold out, too, isn't it?

BUM

I'm so hungry.

BATEMAN

(holding the bill just out of the
BUM's reach)
Why don't you get a job? If you're
so hungry, why don't you get a job?

BUM
(shivering and sobbing)
I lost my job...

BATEMAN
Why? Were you drinking? Is that
why you lost it? Insider trading?
Just joking. No, really- were you
drinking on the job?

BUM
I was fired. I was laid off.

BATEMAN
Gee, uh, that's too bad.

BUM
I'm so hungry.

The dog starts to whimper.

BATEMAN
Why don't you get another one? Why
don't you get another job?

BUM
I'm not...

BATEMAN
You're not what? Qualified for
anything else?

BUM
I'm hungry.

BATEMAN
I know that, I know that. Jeez,
you're like a broken record. I'm
trying to help you.

BUM
I'm hungry.

BATEMAN
Listen, do you think it's fair to
take money from people who do have
jobs? From people who do work?

BUM

What am I gonna do?

BATEMAN :

Listen, what's your name?

BUM

Al.

BATEMAN

Speak up. Come on.

BUM

Al.

BATEMAN

Get a goddamn job, Al. You've got a negative attitude. That's what's stopping you. You've got to get your act together. I'll help you.

BUM

You're so kind, mister. You're kind. You're a kind man. I can tell.

BATEMAN

(petting the dog)
Shhhh... it's okay.

BUM

(grabbing BATEMAN's wrist)
Please... I don't know what to do.
I'm so cold.

BATEMAN

(stroking his face, whispering)
Do you know how bad you smell? The stench, my god.

BUM

I can't... I can't find a shelter.

BATEMAN

You reek. You reek of... shit. Do you know that? (shouting)
Goddammit, Al - look at me and stop crying like some kind of faggot.
Al... I'm sorry. Its just that... I don't know. I don't have anythig in common with you.

BATEMAN puts the money back in his pocket.

BATEMAN

Do you know what a fucking loser you are?

BATEMAN pulls a long thin knife with a serrated edge out of his pocket and pushes it into the BUM's eye. He slashes his face again, yanks his pants down and stabs him in the stomach. The dog barks wildly and he stomps on it.

BATEMAN
(throwing a quarter at the BUM)
There's a quarter. Go buy some gum.

BATEMAN retreats into the empty caverns of Wall Street. Cars drift past, their headlights momentarily illuminating the body left twitching on the ground.

INTERIOR/YALE CLUB/DAY

MCDERMOTT, VAN PATTEN and BATEMAN are having drinks. PRICE walks by with gorgeous girl and gives them the finger.

BATEMAN
What an asshole.

MCDERMOTT
Why is Laurie Kennedy dating Price?
He's a fucking drug addict. No self control.

MCDERMOTT
But Laurie Kennedy is a total hardbody. What do you think, Bateman?

BATEMAN
I know her. I knew her.

MCDERMOTT
Why do you say it like that? Why does he say it like that?

VAN PATTEN
Because he dated her.

BATEMAN
How did you guess?

VAN PATTEN
Girls dig Bateman. He's GQ. You're total GQ Bateman.

BATEMAN

Thanks guy, but...she's got a lousy personality.

MCDERMOTT

So what? It's all looks. Laurie Kennedy is a babe. Don't even pretend you were interested for any other reason.

VAN PATTEN

If they have a good personality then something is very wrong.

MCDERMOTT

If they have a good personality and they are not great looking -- who fucking cares?

BATEMAN

Well, lets just say hypothetically, okay? What if they have a good personality? (He smiles, giving up) I know, I know --

ALL IN UNISON

There are no girls with good personalities!
(They laugh and high five each other)

VAN PATTEN

A good personality consists of a chick with a little hardbody who will satisfy all sexual demands without being too slutty about things and who will essentially keep her dumb fucking mouth shut.

MCDERMOTT

Listen, the only girls with good personalities who are smart or maybe funny or halfway intelligent or even talented - though God knows what the fuck that means- are ugly chicks.

VAN PATTEN

Absolutely.

MCDERMOTT

And this is because they have to make up for how fucking unattractive they are.

Pause.

BATEMAN

DO you know what Ed Gein said about women?

VAN PATTEN

Ed Gein? Maitre d' at Canal Bar?

BATEMAN

No, serial killer, Wisconsin in the fifties. He was an interesting guy.

MCDERMOTT

So what did Ed say?

BATEMAN

He said, "When I see a pretty girl walking down the street I think two things. One part of me wants to take her out and talk to her and be real nice and sweet and treat her right."

Pauses, finishes his drink.

MCDERMOTT

What does the other part of him think?

BATEMAN

What her head would look like on a stick.

MCDERMOTT and VAN PATTEN look at each other and then back at BATEMAN. BATEMAN starts to laugh, and the other two uneasily join in.

VAN PATTEN

Listen, what about dinner?

BATEMAN

(suddenly angry)
Not that Indian Californian place on the Upper West Side!

MCDERMOTT

Ah, cheer up, Bateman. (slaps him on the back, massages his neck) What's the matter? No shiatsu this morning?

BATEMAN

Keep touching me like that and you'll draw back a stump.

MCDERMOTT

Whoa, hold on there little buddy.

BATEMAN

Excuse me.

He gets up from the table. As Bateman walks away, Van Patten grabs a waiter.

VAN PATTEN

Is this tap water? I don't drink tap water. Bring me an Evian or something, okay?

INTERIOR/MEN'S ROOM/DAY

CARRUTHERS is standing in a stall with his back to BATEMAN. The sound of his urinating is heard until Bateman approaches, then abruptly stops. Slowly BATEMAN brings his hands up over the collar of CARRUTHER'S cashmere jacket, circling his neck until both thumbs and index fingers meet. All we can hear is the sound of BATEMAN's heavy breathing. Slowly he starts to squeeze. Almost in slow motion, CARRUTHERS turns around.

CARRUTHERS looks down at BATEMAN's wrists as if lost in thought. Then he lowers his head and kisses BATEMAN's wrist. He looks back at BATEMAN with a shy, love struck expression, then reaches up and tenderly touches the side of his face.

CARRUTHERS

God Patrick. Why here ?

He strokes BATEMAN's hair.

CARRUTHERS

I've seen you looking at me. I've noticed your hot body.

CARRUTHERS tries to kiss him on the lips but BATEMAN backs away. He drops his hands from CARRUTHERS' neck. CARRUTHERS immediately takes them and places them back. BATEMAN drops them again.

CARRUTHERS

Don't be shy.

BATEMAN takes a deep breath, closes his eyes and tries to lift his hands again, but abandons the attempt.

CARRUTHERS

You don't know how long I've wanted it. Ever since that Christmas party

at Arizona 206. You know the one,
you were wearing that red striped
paisley Armani tie.

BATEMAN looks down and sees that CARRUTHERS pants are still unzipped. He moves past him out of the stall and stands by the sink and pretends to wash his hand until he realizes he still has his gloves on. CARRUTHERS comes up behind him.

CARRUTHERS

I want you. I want you .. too.

BATEMAN storms out of the men's room, bumping into a waiter and several customers and cursing. Noticing the MAITRE D' and another waiter conferring and looking at him strangely BATEMAN straightens up and smiles and waves cheerfully at them. CARRUTHERS walks up behind him.

BATEMAN

(hissing)
What...is...it?

CARRUTHERS

Where are you going?

BATEMAN

(stumbling away from him): I've
gotta...I've gotta...return some
video tapes.

CARRUTHERS

Patrick?

BATEMAN

What?

CARRUTHERS

(silently mouthing the words)
I'll call you.

BATEMAN storms out of the restaurant.

INT/BATEMAN'S APT/DAY

BATEMAN is in his apartment, skipping rope, then manically doing abdominal crunches. The television set, tuned to MTV, plays the video of Lionel Richie's "Hello." In the background the maid, a frightened-looking Hispanic woman, is cleaning blood stains off wall, ringing out the bloody cloth into a pail of water.

CUT TO

BATEMAN sitting in his arm chair, phone book in hand, jerking off. He is squealing into the phone and breathing.

BATEMAN
You like that, slut?

The person on the other end clearly hangs up. Close up on his fingers dialing the phone.

BATEMAN
You want to know what I'm wearing?
Sixty dollar boxer shorts by Ralph
Lauren, a hundred and fifty dollar
white cotton T-shirt by Commes des
Garcons. (he snorts like a pig) My
Rolex cost--

Another hang up. He dials again.

BATEMAN
(whispering)
I'm a corporate raider. I
orchestrate hostile takeovers. What
do you think of that? (makes
disgusting sucking noises and
grunts) Huh, bitch?

GIRL (O/S)
Dad, is that you?

BATEMAN hangs up, frustrated.

EXT/STREET/INT/LIMOUSINE/NIGHT

BATEMAN cruises around in the limo. It pulls up alongside a pretty trashy looking white hooker in shorts and leather jacket. BATEMAN opens his window to speak to her.

BATEMAN
I haven't seen you around here.

CHRISTIE
You just haven't been looking.

BATEMAN
Would you like to see my apartment?

BATEMAN flips on the light inside the limo. He's wearing a tuxedo.

CHRISTIE

(looking away to some dark corner)
I'm not supposed to.

BATEMAN is holding out a hundred dollar bill, which CHRISTIE now notices, then takes.

BATEMAN
Do you want to come to my apartment
or not?

CHRISTIE
I'm not supposed to. (She pockets
the bill.) But I can make an
exception.

BATEMAN
Do you take American Express?

CHRISTIE is still looking out behind her.

BATEMAN
Do you take American Express?

CHRISTIE looks at him like he's crazy.

BATEMAN
I'm joking. Come on, get in.

As they drive uptown, BATEMAN dials the phone. Read off
credit card number.

BATEMAN
I'd like a girl, early twenties,
blonde, who does couples. Couples.
55 West Eighty First, The American
Gardens Building. Apartment 7C.
And I really can't stress blonde
enough. Blonde.

He hangs up.

BATEMAN
I'm Paul. My name is Paul Owen, have
you got that? You are Christie. You
are to respond only to Christie. Is
that clear?

INT/BATEMAN'S APARTMENT/NIGHT

CHRISTIE is in the bathtub, BATEMAN is pouring in white milky
bath oil.

BATEMAN

That's a very fine Chardonnay you're drinking.

Long pause, in which CHRISTIE is luxuriating in the tub and BATEMAN is casually touching her breast.

BATEMAN

I want you to clean your vagina.

CHRISTIE reaches for a washcloth.

BATEMAN

No. From behind. Get on your knees.

CHRISTIE shrugs.

BATEMAN

I want to watch. You have a very nice body.

The doorman rings. BATEMAN answers.

BATEMAN

Thank you. Send her up. (to CHRISTIE) Get out and dry off, choose a robe - not the Bijan, and come and meet me and our guest in the living room for drinks.

BATEMAN answers the door.

BATEMAN

You're arrived! How lovely. Let me take your coat. I'm Paul. How good of you to come.

The escort girl looks somewhat bewildered. BATEMAN takes her coat and inspects her body and face.

BATEMAN

Not quite blonde, are you? More dirty blonde. I'm going to call you Sabrina. I'm Paul Owen.

BATEMAN escorts her into the living room and brings her a glass of wine. CHRISTIE enters, sitting next to SABRINA on the couch, and BATEMAN sits across from them. There is a long silence.

BATEMAN

So, don't you want to know what I do?

The two girls look at each other with uncomfortable smiles.
CHRISTIE shrugs.

CHRISTIE

No.

SABRINA

(smiling)

No, not really.

BATEMAN is visibly irritated, recrosses his legs.

BATEMAN

Well, I work on Wall Street. At
Pierce & Pierce.

Long pause.

BATEMAN

Have you heard of it?

Another long pause. They shake their heads., CHRISTIE stands
up and goes over to the CD collection.

CHRISTIE

You have a really nice place here...
Paul. How much did you pay for it.

BATEMAN

Actually, that's none of your
business, Christie, but I can assure
you it certainly wasn't cheap.

BATEMAN leaves to refill his wine glass and SABRINA takes a
pack of cigarettes out of her purse. BATEMAN returns,
shaking his head, carrying a tray of chocolates.

BATEMAN

No, no smoking. Not in here.

He walks over to Christie.

BATEMAN

Varda truffle?

CHRISTIE stares at the plate and shakes her head. SABRINA
takes one.

BATEMAN

I don't want you to get drunk, but
that's a very fine Chardonnay you're
not drinking.

BATEMAN places the tray on the table, and sits back down, motioning for CHRISTIE to get back on the couch..

BATEMAN

So, have either of you ever been abroad? I mean to Europe?

They look at each other and then each shake their heads.

BATEMAN goes over to his CDs and scans his vast collection. He takes one out and examines it.

BATEMAN

Do you like Phil Collins? I've been a big Genesis fan ever since the release of their 1980 album, *Duke*. Before that I really didn't understand any of their work. It was too artsy, too intellectual. It was on *Duke* where Phil Collins' presence became more apparent.

He puts aside the CD and takes out another one.

BATEMAN

I think *Invisible Touch* is the group's undisputed masterpiece.

He puts on the song and gestures them to follow him into the bedroom.

BATEMAN

It's an epic meditation on intangibility, at the same time it deepens and enriches the meaning of the preceding three albums. Christie, take off the robe.

BATEMAN puts out a lace teddy. He motions to SABRINA to put it on .

BATEMAN

Listen to the brilliant ensemble playing of Banks, Collins and Rutherford. You can practically hear every nuance of every instrument.

BATEMAN starts to undress.

BATEMAN

In terms of lyrical craftsmanship and sheer song writing, this album hits a new peak of professionalism.

Sabrina, why don't you dance a little?

SABRINA dances awkwardly beside the bed. CHRISTIE sits on the bed naked.

BATEMAN

Take the lyrics to "Land of Confusion." This is laid down with a groove funkier and blacker than anything Prince or Michael Jackson has come up with. In this song, Phil Collins addresses the problem of abusive political authority.

BATEMAN knots a silk scarf around CHRISTIE's neck --rather menacingly -- then helps her into some suede gloves.

BATEMAN

"In Too Deep" is the most moving pop song of the 1980s about monogamy and commitment. The song is extremely uplifting. Their lyrics are as positive and affirmative as anything I've heard in rock.

He turns on the video camera.

BATEMAN

Christie, get down on your knees so Sabrina can see your asshole.

BATEMAN looks through the viewfinder.

BATEMAN

Phil Collins' solo efforts seem to be more commercial and therefore more satisfying in a narrower way, especially *No Jacket Required* and songs like "In the Air Tonight" and "Against All Odds", though that song was overshadowed by the masterful movie from which it came. Sabrina, don't just stare at it. Eat it.

He walks over to the sound system in his bedroom and slides in the CD.

BATEMAN

But I also think that Phil Collins works better within the confines of the group than as a solo artist - and I stress the word artist. In fact it applies to all three guys,

because Genesis is still the best, most exciting band to come out of England in the 1980s'. This is "Sussudio", a great, great song, a personal favorite.

Sex montage cut to "Sussudio". We see this in wide shot, or through the lens of the video camera.

CUT TO

BATEMAN asleep in his bed with CHRISTIE and SABRINA on either side of him. SABRINA accidentally touches his wrist. BATEMAN's eyes open.

BATEMAN

Don't touch the Rolex.

BATEMAN gets up from his bed and goes over to his armoire.

He opens the drawer in which are a nail gun, a coat hanger, a rusty butter knife, and a half-smoked cigar. He turns around to see CHRISTIE and SABRINA both starting to get up and get dressed. He takes the coat hanger.

BATEMAN

We're not through yet....

CUT TO BATEMAN ushering them out the door impatiently. They are both sobbing, badly bruised and bleeding. In the background, Phil Collins "In the Air Tonight" is playing.

INTERIOR/EVELYN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY/EVENING

Tall blue spruces covered with white twinkling lights stand on with side of a fireplace. A bartender in a tuxedo pours champagne and eggnog. A long table covered with a red tablecloth is jammed with goose, duck, rack of lamb, exotic vegetable tarts, truffles etc...a vast array of foods. The room is filled with candles in sterling silver Tiffany's candle holders. Filipino waiters dressed in green and red elf suits serve appetizers on trays.

BATEMAN walks into the party, grabs a glass of champagne and gulps it down.

HAROLD CARNES saunters up to him, drunk.

CARNES

Hey, McCloy, what do you say?

BATEMAN

Hey, Carnes, have a holly jolly
Christmas.

Across the room COURTNEY is greeting PAUL OWEN with a kiss.
BATEMAN glares at them.

BATEMAN
Is Owen still handling the Fisher
account?

CARNES
Don't ask me.

BATEMAN
Aren't you his lawyer?

EVELYN
Mistletoe alert! Merry Xmas,
Patrick! Merry Xmas, Harry!

EVELYN rushes up to them with mistletoe in her hand, raising
it above their heads. She is wearing a sable jacket and green
velvet pants by Ralph Lauren, and has a small Vietnamese
potbellied pig in her arms. The pig is wearing a Santa hat.

She tries to make BATEMAN kiss the pig.
BATEMAN has a martini in one hand and a dish of Waldorf salad
in the other, and is unable to defend himself from Evelyn.

BATEMAN
Merry... Christmas.

EVELYN
You're late, honey.

BATEMAN
I'm not late.

EVELYN
(singsong)
Oh yes you are.

BATEMAN
(still staring across the room at
Courtney and Paul Owen)
I've been here the entire time. You
just didn't see me.

EVELYN
(shoving the pig in his face)
Say hello to Snowball. Snowball says
"Merry Christmas, Patrick".

BATEMAN

What...is...it?

EVELYN

It's a little baby piggy wiggy,
isn't it? (talking to the pig) It's
a Vietnamese potbellied pig. They
make darling pets. Don't you?
Don't you?

BATEMAN is horrified.

EVELYN

Oh, stop scowling. You're such a
Grinch. (turning to Carnes) Did you
know he's the Grinch?

CARNES

Well, we all know McCloy's the
Grinch. How ya doin', Mr. Grinch?

EVELYN puts the pig down and it runs away.

EVELYN

And what does Mr. Grinch want for
Christmas? And don't tell me breast
implants again.

A passing stranger comes up behind BATEMAN and puts paper
antlers on his head.

BATEMAN walks away, and is bumped into by RHINEBECK.

RHINEBECK

Hey, Bateman! When wearing a tuxedo,
how do you keep the front of your
shirt from riding up?

BATEMAN

You simply have a tab with a
buttonhole sewn into the front of
your shirt, which can then be
attached by a button to your
trousers. And Rhinebeck? Take
those fucking antlers off your head
- you look like a retard. Excuse me.

BATEMAN walks toward Paul Owen. RHINEBECK feels the top of
his head.

RHINEBECK

Oh my god.

BATEMAN

Owen!

He grabs a martini off a passing tray.

OWEN

Marcus! Merry Christmas! How've you been? Workaholic, I suppose.

BATEMAN

Haven't seen you in a while.

OWEN

Well, just got back from the Knickerbocker Club. (calling out to Harold Carnes across the room) Hey, Carnes - We're going to Nell's. Limo's out front.

EVELYN comes up behind them.

BATEMAN

We should have dinner.

OWEN

Maybe you could bring...

BATEMAN

Cecelia?

OWEN

Yes, Cecelia.

BATEMAN

Oh, Cecelia would... adore it.

OWEN

Well, let's do it, Marcus.

EVELYN

(confused)

Patrick? Why is he calling you Mar-

BATEMAN

Mistletoe alert!

He grabs EVELYN and kisses her on the mouth, stifling her words. OWEN and his friends wander off. EVELYN melts.

EVELYN

Oh Patrick, you're so sweet.

INTERIOR/TEXARKANA RESTAURANT/NIGHT

An insanely expensive nouvelle Tex-Mex restaurant, with an ironic Southwestern decor: Santa Fe colors, Navajo blankets, naive cowboy art, rawhide banquettes.

BATEMAN bursts in the door, late, and approaches the Maitre d'.

BATEMAN

Marcus Halberstam. For two at eight?

MAITRE D'

Your friend has already been seated.
Follow me. Mr. Halberstam.

PAUL OWEN is seated at a table underneath an enormous pair of ram's horns, is arguing with the waiter.

OWEN

No, I want to know. I came here for the cilantro crawfish gumbo, which is after all the only excuse one could have for being in this restaurant, which is by the way, almost complete empty. Am I to believe that all ten people in this restaurant have eaten your entire supply of cilantro crawfish gumbo?

WAITER

I'm very sorry, sir. There was a fire in the kitchen earlier today, and-

BATEMAN

J&B, straight. And a Dixie beer.

WAITER

Would you like to hear-

OWEN

Double Absolut martini.

WAITER

Yes sir. Would you like to hear the specials?

BATEMAN

Not if you want to keep your spleen.

The waiter leaves.

OWEN

This is a real beehive of, uh, activity, Halberstam. This place is hot, very hot.

BATEMAN

Listen the mud soup and the charcoal arugula are outrageous here.

OWEN

Yeah, well, you're late.

BATEMAN

Hey, I'm a child of divorce. Give me a break. (studying the menu) Hmmm, I see they've omitted the pork loin with lime jello.

OWEN

We should've gone to Dorsia. I could've gotten us a table.

BATEMAN

Nobody goes there anymore.

There is a long disgruntled silence.

BATEMAN

Is that Ivana Trump over there? (laughs) Jeez, Patrick, I mean Marcus, what are you thinking? Why would Ivana be at Texarkana?

Another pause.

BATEMAN

So, wasn't Rothschild originally handling the Fisher account? How did you get it?

OWEN

I could tell you that, Halberstam, but then I'd have to kill you.

He guffaws. Bateman laughs politely.

LATER:

PAUL OWEN is very drunk. BATEMAN cold sober.

BATEMAN

I like to dissect girls. Did you know I'm utterly insane?

OWEN continues laughing and motions to the waiter for another drink.

OWEN

Great tan, Marcus. Really impressive. Where do you tan?

BATEMAN

Salon.

OWEN

I've got a tanning bed at home. You should look into it.

BATEMAN nods, agitated.

OWEN

And Cecelia, how is she? Where is she tonight?

BATEMAN

Cecelia is, well... you know Cecelia. I think she's having dinner with... Evelyn Williams.

OWEN

Evelyn. Great ass. Goes out with that loser Patrick Bateman. What a dork.

BATEMAN

Another martini, Paul?

OWEN nods drunkenly.

CUT TO end of meal.

OWEN is squeezing a lime onto the table, missing his beer, incredibly drunk. The check is laid down.

BATEMAN

(talking to Owen like a child)
Paul, give me your Amex card. Good boy.

BATEMAN slaps the card down, looks at the check.

BATEMAN

Two hundred and fifty. Very reasonable. Let's leave a big tip, shall we? My place for a night cap?

OWEN

No, man. I'm gonna bail.

BATEMAN

Come on, you dumb son of a bitch.
(Helping him into his jacket). I've
got a preview of the Barney's
catalog and a bottle of Acacia
waiting for us.

INT/BATEMAN'S APT/NIGHT

The living room floor has been meticulously covered with
newspaper.

OWEN is slumped in an armchair, a drink in his hand. BATEMAN
is looking through his CDs.

BATEMAN

You like Huey Lewis and the News?

OWEN

They're okay.

BATEMAN

Their early work was a little too
New Wave for my taste. But when
Sports came out in 1983, I think
they really came into their own,
commercially and artistically.

BATEMAN walks to his bathroom, taking a large ax out of the
shower. He takes two Valium.

BATEMAN

(said partially from the bathroom)
The whole album has a clear, crisp
sound and a new sheen of consummate
professionalism that gives the songs
a big boost.

BATEMAN comes back out and leans the ax against the wall. He
walks to the foyer and puts on a raincoat.

BATEMAN

He's been compared to Elvis Costello
but I think Huey has a more bitter,
cynical sense of humor.

OWEN has drunkenly seated himself in a white folding chair.

OWEN

Hey Halberstam?

BATEMAN

Yes, Owen?

OWEN

Why are their copies of the Style section all over the place? Do you have a dog? A chow or something?

BATEMAN

No, Owen.

OWEN

(confused) Is that a raincoat?

BATEMAN

Yes it is.

BATEMAN moves to the CD player. He takes a CD out of its case and slides it in the machine.

BATEMAN

In 1987 Huey released this, *Four*, their most accomplished album. I think their undisputed masterpiece is "Hip To Be Square", a song so catchy that most people probably don't listen to the lyrics. But they should because it's not just about the pleasures of conformity and the importance of trends. It's also a personal statement about the band itself.

BATEMAN puts on "Hip to Be Square."

BATEMAN walks up behind OWEN.

BATEMAN

Paul?

OWEN turns around and BATEMAN swings an ax into his face. He yanks the ax out. OWEN falls to the floor, feet kicking and flailing.

BATEMAN

(raising the ax and screaming)
Try getting a reservation at Dorsia
now you fucking stupid bastard!

He smashes the ax into OWEN's skull.

BATEMAN

(panting)
Fucking bastard...

He sits back on the white sofa and watches OWEN as he twitches, bleeds and dies. BATEMAN checks his Rolex, lights a cigar.

INTERIOR/LOBBY/NIGHT

BATEMAN drags a large, blood-soaked sleeping bag through the lobby, past the bored doorman, who looks up from the Post for a moment.

EXTERIOR/STREET/NIGHT

BATEMAN is trying to hail a cab. OWEN's body is at his feet. LUIS and a Japanese girl walk up to him.

LUIS
Patrick? Is that you?

BATEMAN
No Luis. It's not me. You're mistaken.

LUIS
This is Gwendolyn Ichiban. This is my very good friend Patrick Bateman. Where are you going? We're going to Nell's. Gwendolyn's father's buying it. (looking down at the body) Where did you get your overnight bag?

BATEMAN
Commes des Garcon.

A cab stops. BATEMAN opens the door and manages to get OWEN's body into the backseat.

DRIVER
I ain't going to JFK.

BATEMAN gets in the cab.

LUIS
Call me please, Patrick.

BATEMAN
Satan lives, Luis.

INTERIOR/BATEMAN'S HELL'S KITCHEN APT/NIGHT

A bare room, lit by one light bulb. Walls are blank except for a Les Miserables poster. There is one ratty chair.

BATEMAN pours lime over Paul Owen's body, which is in a bathtub. He plays Huey Lewis, smokes a cigar, watches the body dissolve.

INTERIOR/PAUL OWEN'S APARTMENT/NIGHT

BATEMAN is letting himself into the apartment. It is very similar to Bateman's, but even more minimalist. The walls are white pigmented concrete with a large minimalist painting on the wall. One wall is covered in a trendy large scale scientific drawing above a long black leather couch.

BATEMAN

Where to send the bastard? Dallas?
Paris?

He is throwing a bunch of stuff into a suitcase, randomly grabbing toiletries and shoving them in.

BATEMAN

Singapore? London. I'll send the
asshole to London.

He laughs out loud, then leans over the answering machine.

BATEMAN

Hi, this is Paul. I've been called
away to London for a few days.
Meredith, I'll call you when I get
back. Hasta La Vista, Baby.

INTERIOR/BATEMAN'S OFFICE/MORNING

BATEMAN is sitting at his desk, with the latest copy of *Sports Illustrated* in front of him and his Walkman playing Kenny G. We hear the music until JEAN enters and he takes the Walkman off.

BATEMAN

(faintly irritable)
What is it?

JEAN

Patrick?

BATEMAN

(condescendingly)
Ye-es Je-an?

JEAN

Patrick, a Mr. Donald Kimball is here to see you.

BATEMAN

Who?

JEAN

Detective Donald Kimball?

Silence. BATEMAN stares out the window, then down at the drawing of a headless woman he's been doodling on the back cover of *Sports Illustrated*.

BATEMAN

Tell him I'm at lunch.

JEAN

(whispering)

Patrick, I think he knows you're here. It's only ten-thirty.

Silence.

BATEMAN

Send him in, I guess.

As she exits, he picks up the cordless phone and pretends to talk to someone at the other end.

BATEMAN

Now John, you've got to wear clothes in proportion to your physique. There are definite do's and don'ts, good buddy, of wearing a bold-striped shirt. A bold striped shirt calls for solid colored or discreetly patterned suits and ties....

The door to the office opens and he waves DETECTIVE KIMBALL in. KIMBALL is surprisingly young -- about BATEMAN's age -- and good looking, dressed in a crumpled linen Armani suit of the type BATEMAN and his friends might wear.

KIMBALL sits down and crosses his legs with a self-assurance that makes BATEMAN so nervous he forgets to carry on with his fake conversation. KIMBALL looks up at him curiously, noticing the silence.

BATEMAN

(realizing that KIMBALL is staring at him)
Right. And yes...always tip the stylist fifteen percent.

BATEMAN shrugs at the detective, rolling his eyes in exasperation. KIMBALL nods understandingly.

BATEMAN

Listen John, I've got to go. T.
Boone Pickens just walked in. ..(he
laughs inanely) Just joking...
(pause) No don't tip the owner of
the salon. Okay John, right, got it.
(he hangs up the phone and pushes
the antenna in.) Sorry about that.

KIMBALL

No, I'm sorry. I should've made an
appointment. (gesturing toward the
phone) Was that anything important?

BATEMAN

Oh that? Just mulling over business
problems. Examining
opportunities...Exchanging
rumors...Spreading gossip.

They laugh politely.

KIMBALL

(holding out his hand)
Hi. I'm Donald Kimball.

BATEMAN

(shaking it firmly)
Hi. Pat Bateman. Nice to meet you.

KIMBALL

I'm sorry to barge in on you like
this, but I was supposed to talk to
Luis Carruthers and he wasn't in
and...well, you're here, so...I know
how busy you guys can get.

KIMBALL stares at the three open copies of *Sports Illustrated*
and the Sony Walkman lying on BATEMAN's desk. BATEMAN sees
the look and sweeps the magazines into the top drawer along
with the Walkman, which is still running.

BATEMAN

(forcing himself to sound friendly
and relaxed)
So, what's the topic of discussion?

KIMBALL

I've been hired by Meredith Powell to investigate the disappearance of Paul Owen.

BATEMAN

You're not with the FBI or anything, are you?

KIMBALL

Nothing like that. I'm just a private investigator.

BATEMAN

Ah, I see...Yes. Paul's disappearance....Yes.

KIMBALL

So it's nothing that official. I just have some basic questions. About Paul Owen. About yourself --

BATEMAN

Coffee?

KIMBALL

No, I'm okay.

BATEMAN

Perrier? San Pellegrino?

KIMBALL

No, I'm okay.

KIMBALL takes out a small black notepad and the same gold Cross pen that BATEMAN and his friends all use. BATEMAN buzzes JEAN.

JEAN (O/C)

Patrick?

BATEMAN

Can you bring Mr.....

KIMBALL

Kimball.

BATEMAN

Mr. Kimball a bottle of San Pelle--

KIMBALL

Oh no, I'm okay.

BATEMAN

It's no problem.

KIMBALL writes something down in his notebook as BATEMAN watches him intently, then crosses something out.

JEAN enters and places the bottle of San Pellegrino and a Steuben etched glass on the table, shooting a concerned glance at BATEMAN. He glares at her. KIMBALL smiles and nods at JEAN as she leaves.

BATEMAN

Well, what's the topic of discussion?

KIMBALL

The disappearance of Paul Owen.

BATEMAN

Oh right. Well, I haven't heard anything about the disappearance or anything.... (trying to laugh:) Not on Page Six at least.

KIMBALL

I think his family want this kept quiet.

BATEMAN

Understandable. (staring at the untouched bottle of San Pellegrino) Lime?

KIMBALL

No, really. I'm okay.

BATEMAN

You sure? I can always get you a lime.

A pause.

KIMBALL

Just some preliminary questions that I need for my own files, okay?

BATEMAN

Shoot.

KIMBALL

How old are you?

BATEMAN

Twenty seven. I'll be twenty eight in October.

KIMBALL
(scribbling in his notebook)
Where did you go to school?

BATEMAN
Harvard. The Harvard Business
School.

KIMBALL
Your address?

BATEMAN
Fifty-five West Eighty-First Street.
The American Gardens Building.

KIMBALL
(looking up, impressed)
Nice. Very nice.

BATEMAN
(flattered)
Thanks.

A pause as KIMBALL studies his notebook. BATEMAN closes his eyes shut, as if in pain.

KIMBALL
Pardon me, but are you okay?

BATEMAN
Why do you ask?

KIMBALL
You seem...nervous.

BATEMAN reaches into his desk drawer and brings out a bottle of aspirin.

BATEMAN
Nuprin?

KIMBALL
Uh...no, thanks.

KIMBALL takes out a pack of Marlborough and lays it on the desk.

BATEMAN
Bad habit.

KIMBALL
I know. I'm sorry.

A pause, as Bateman stares at the cigarettes.

KIMBALL

Would you rather I not smoke?

BATEMAN

No, I guess it's okay.

KIMBALL

You sure?

BATEMAN

No problem (buzzing Jean).

JEAN (O/C)

Yes, Patrick?

BATEMAN

Bring us an ashtray for Mr. Kimball,
please.

She whisks in with a crystal ashtray as they sit in silence.

KIMBALL

What can you tell me about Paul
Owen?

BATEMAN

Well... (he coughs, shakes two
Nuprin into his hand and swallows
them dry)

KIMBALL

How well *did* you know him?

BATEMAN

I'm... at a loss. He was part of
that whole...Yale thing, you know.

KIMBALL

Yale thing?

A pause.

BATEMAN

Yeah...Yale thing.

KIMBALL

What do you mean ... Yale thing?

A pause.

BATEMAN

Well, I think for one that he was
probably a closet homosexual. Who

did a lot of cocaine... That Yale thing.

A silence during which the sound of the air conditioner becomes deafening.

KIMBALL

So...there's nothing you can tell me about Paul Owen?

BATEMAN

He led what I suppose was an orderly life. He ... ate a balanced diet.

KIMBALL

What kind of man was he? Besides ... (he hesitates, tries to smile) the information you've just given.

BATEMAN

I hope I'm not being cross-examined here.

KIMBALL

Do you feel that way?

BATEMAN

No. Not really.

KIMBALL makes another note. Without looking up:

KIMBALL

Where did Paul hang out?

BATEMAN

Hang...out?

KIMBALL

Yeah. You know ... hang out.

BATEMAN

Let me think. The Newport. Harry's. Fluties. Indochine. Nell's. Cornell Club. The New York Yacht Club. The regular places.

KIMBALL

He had a yacht?

BATEMAN

No, he just hung out there.

KIMBALL

And where did he go to school?

A slight pause.

BATEMAN
Don't you know this?

KIMBALL
I just wanted to know if you know.

BATEMAN
Er, Yale. Right?

KIMBALL
Right.

BATEMAN
And then to business school at
Columbia. I think.

KIMBALL
Before all that?

BATEMAN
If I remember correctly, Saint
Paul's....I mean --

KIMBALL
No, it's okay. That's not really
pertinent. It's just that I don't
have a lot to go on.

BATEMAN
Listen, I just I just want to
help.

KIMBALL
I understand.

He makes another note.

KIMBALL
Anything else you can tell me about
Owen?

BATEMAN
We were both seven in 1969.

KIMBALL
(smiles)
So was I.

BATEMAN
Do you have any witnesses or
fingerprints --

KIMBALL

Well, there's a message on his answering machine saying he went to London.

BATEMAN

Well, maybe he did, huh?

KIMBALL

His girlfriend doesn't think so.

BATEMAN

But ... has anyone seen him in London?

KIMBALL

Actually, yes.

BATEMAN

Hmmm.

KIMBALL

Well, I've had a hard time getting an actual verification. A Stephen Hughes says he saw him at a restaurant there, but I checked it out and what happened is, he mistook a Hubert Ainsworth for Paul, so...

BATEMAN

Oh.

KIMBALL

Was he involved at all, do you think, in occultism or Satan worship?

BATEMAN

What?

KIMBALL

I know it sounds like a lame question, but in New Jersey last month -- I don't know if you've heard about this, but a young stockbroker was recently arrested and charged with murdering a young Chicano girl and performing voodoo rituals with various body parts --

BATEMAN

Yikes!

KIMBALL

And I mean ... have you heard anything about this?

BATEMAN

(laughing)
Did the guy deny doing it?

KIMBALL

Right.

BATEMAN

That was an interesting case.

KIMBALL

Even though the guy says he's innocent he still thinks he's Inca the bird god or something.

They laugh together about this.

A pause.

BATEMAN

No. Paul wasn't into that. He followed a balanced diet and--

KIMBALL

Yeah, I know, and was into that whole Yale thing.

A pause -- the longest so far.

BATEMAN

Have you consulted a psychic?

KIMBALL

No.

BATEMAN

Had his apartment been burglarized?

KIMBALL

No, it actually hadn't. Toiletries were missing. A suit was gone. So was some luggage. That's it.

BATEMAN

I mean no-one's dealing with the homicide squad yet or anything, right?

KIMBALL

No, not yet. As I said, we're not sure. But... basically no one has seen or heard anything.

BATEMAN

That's so typical, isn't it?

KIMBALL

It's just strange. (He stares out the window, lost in thought.) One day someone's walking around, going to work, alive, and then...

BATEMAN

Nothing.

KIMBALL

People just... disappear.

BATEMAN

The earth just opens up and swallows people. (He checks his Rolex.)

KIMBALL

Eerie. Really eerie.

Silence. Bateman points to a book on top of his desk, next to the San Pelligrino bottle. "The Art of the Deal" by Donald Trump.

BATEMAN

Have you read it?

KIMBALL

No. Is it any good?

BATEMAN

It's very good. (standing up) You'll have to excuse me. I have a lunch meeting with Cliff Huxtable at Four Seasons in twenty minutes.

KIMBALL

Isn't the Four Seasons a little far uptown? I mean aren't you going to be late?

BATEMAN

Uh, no. There's one... down here.

KIMBALL

Oh really? I didn't know that.

Bateman leads him to the door.

BATEMAN

Yes. It's very good.

Kimball turns to face him.

KIMBALL

Listen, if anything occurs to you,
any information at all...

BATEMAN

Absolutely, I'm 100% with you.

KIMBALL

Great, and thanks for your uh, time,
Mr. Bateman.

BATEMAN closes the door firmly on KIMBALL.

INT/NIGHTCLUB/NIGHT

A big 80's nightclub with a mixed crowd: club kids in baby clothes, girls in lingerie, hip hop kids, visitors from Jersey, downtown art people, yuppies.

BATEMAN makes his way through the crowd to the bar, and tries to attract the bartender's attention. BATEMAN is wearing a suit and his tie is loosened. KIMBALL approaches him.

KIMBALL

Mr. Bateman?

BATEMAN gasps and recovers.

BATEMAN

Detective Kendall...uh Campbell?

KIMBALL

Kimball. (extending his hand) Call
me Don.

BATEMAN

Don.

KIMBALL

So... you hang out here a lot?

BATEMAN

Uh, yes... I mean... whenever
necessary. You know.

Pause.

BATEMAN

How's the investigation going?
Taken anyone in for "formal
questioning"? (He makes quotation
marks in the air laughs a not-so-
relaxed laugh)

KIMBALL

Oh no. Informal conversations,
mostly. What's that, Stoli?

BATEMAN

Yeah. No Finlandia, as usual.
Fucking dump.

KIMBALL

(looking at his glass.)
Too true. You know, Bateman --
people tend to reveal so much more
about themselves when they're in a
relaxed setting, don't you think?

Bateman is nodding nervously, idiotically.

KIMBALL

Some people just can't help
themselves. Another Stoli?

BATEMAN shakes his head.

KIMBALL

I mean they want to get caught.

BATEMAN

Dan, great to see you again. Like I
said, you need anything at all, I'm
your man. I don't envy your job. I
mean Owen was a... complex man.

BATEMAN wanders away. KIMBALL is standing at the bar,
staring at him through the next scene. BATEMAN spots two
downtown girls in Betsy Johnson dresses. Rap music is
playing.

BATEMAN

Cool music - haven't I seen you at
Salomon Brothers?

GIRL ONE

Go back to Wall Street.

BATEMAN

Hey - you may think I'm a really
disgusting yuppie but I'm not,

really. I'm ...just pretending to be one.

Two black men are sitting at a table with them, glaring at BATEMAN. BATEMAN does a pathetic "homeboy" hand gesture.

BATEMAN

Hey - I'm fresh. The freshest.
Y'know.... like uh, def... the
deffest.

He takes a sip of his champagne.

BATEMAN

You know... def.

BATEMAN looks back uneasily at KIMBALL who is watching him from the bar. A guy with dreadlocks walks by.

BATEMAN

(holding up his hand to high five)
Rasta Man!

The man stares at him.

BATEMAN

I mean - Mon. We be jammin'...

The man walks by, shaking his head.

Bateman wanders into the next room, which is filled with a more familiar crowd: young men in designer suits, girls in black designer dresses. Across the room he spots MCDERMOTT and PRICE sitting with three models, all wearing black mini dresses. Another friend, HAROLD CARNES is passed out in the booth.

PRICE

(praying)
Heads, heads, heads.

MCDERMOTT

Tails, tails, tails.

BATEMAN

What are you assholes flipping for?

MCDERMOTT

Flipping a coin for who goes
downstairs to get the Bolivian
Marching powder.

He flips it. It's heads.

PRICE

I have to talk to these girls?
Libby over there has spent the last
half hour trying to unfold her
napkin.

McDERMOTT

Bateman'll talk to them. He talks
to Evelyn every day.

McDERMOTT runs to the top of the stairs and waves gaily.

BATEMAN looks at the models. DAISY and CARON are staring
into space, smoking. LIBBY is trying to work out how to
unfold her napkin. PRICE signals to BATEMAN for help.

PRICE

(clapping his hands together)
Lets have a conversation. So... it
was hot out today, no?

Silence.

LIBBY

Where did Craig go?

PRICE

Well Gorbachev is downstairs.
McDermott is going to sign a peace
treaty with him between the United
States and Russia. McDermott's the
one behind Glasnost, you know.

LIBBY

Well...yeah. But he told me he was
in mergers and acquisitions.

PRICE looks over at CARNES who is still sleeping, and snaps
one of his suspenders. No reaction. PRICE turns back to
Libby.

PRICE

You're not confused, are you?

LIBBY

No, not really.

CARON

Gorbachev's not downstairs.

DAISY

(smiling)
Are you lying?

PRICE

Yes, Caron's right. Gorbachev's not downstairs. He's at Tunnel.

BATEMAN

(to Daisy)
Ask me a question.

DAISY

So, what do you do?

BATEMAN

What do you think I do?

DAISY

A model? An Actor?

BATEMAN

No. Flattering, but no.

DAISY

Well...

BATEMAN

I'm into, well, murders and executions mostly.

DAISY

(unfazed)
Do you like it?

BATEMAN

Well... it depends, why?

DAISY

Well most guys I know who work in mergers and acquisitions don't really like it.

Silence.

BATEMAN

So, where do you work out?

MUCH LATER IN THE EVENING:

The club is half-empty now. PRICE is leaning over a balcony, messed up on drugs. BATEMAN comes up behind him in a menacing way that suggests he might push him over the railing. PRICE turns around just as BATEMAN is reaching for him. PRICE is wild-eyed.

PRICE

(shouting)
I'm leaving. I'm getting out.

BATEMAN
Leaving what?

PRICE
This.

BATEMAN is confused, he thinks PRICE is referring to his drink.

BATEMAN
Don't, I'll drink it.

PRICE
(screaming)
Listen to me, Patrick. I'm leaving.

BATEMAN
Where to? Are you going to go get a gram?

PRICE
I'm leaving! I...am...leaving!

BATEMAN
Don't tell me... merchant banking?

PRICE
No you dumb son of a bitch. I'm serious. I'm disappearing.

BATEMAN
(laughing)
Where to? Morgan Stanley? Rehab?
What?

PRICE looks away.

MCDERMOTT and DAISY walk up to them.

MCDERMOTT
Hey - don't worry, be happy.

PRICE lifts his arms up as if greeting the crowd and is shouting something that can't be heard, then

PRICE
Goodbye! Fuckheads!

He climbs over the railing, leaps down and disappears into the crowd.

DAISY
What is he doing?

BATEMAN
Price! Come back!

MCDERMOTT
Does he know about a VIP room that
we don't?

EXT/CLUB/NIGHT

BATEMAN and DAISY are waiting for a cab.

DAISY
My ex-boyfriend, Fiddler, who was in
there, he plays in this band that
just opened for U2 -- he couldn't
understand what I was doing with a
yuppie.

BATEMAN
Oh really?

DAISY
He said... (she laughs) He said you
gave him bad vibes.

BATEMAN
That's... that's too bad.

DAISY
You think I'm dumb, don't you?

BATEMAN
What?

DAISY
You think I'm dumb. You think all
models are dumb.

BATEMAN
(insincerely)
No. I really don't.

DAISY
That's OK. I don't mind. There's
something sweet
about you.

She takes his hand.

TB

INT/DAISY'S HALLWAY/LATER THAT NIGHT

BATEMAN leaves Daisy's apartment carrying a suitcase. He pauses in the hallway and tucks some long blonde hair back inside the case.

INT/BATEMAN'S OFFICE/LATE AFTERNOON

Bateman sits at his desk wearing Wayfarers doing the New York Times crossword puzzle at dusk.

Jean knocks gently on the half-open door and walks in with a folder in her hand. Bateman ignores her.

JEAN

Doin' the crossword?

Bateman nods without looking up.

JEAN

Need help?

Bateman doesn't respond. Jean sees that every space on the puzzle has been filled in with the words MEAT or BONE. She drops the folder on his desk and then walks out.

BATEMAN

Jean?

JEAN

(reenters office)
Yes, Patrick?

BATEMAN

Would you like to accompany me to dinner.

He erases one of the M's on the crossword puzzle.

BATEMAN

That is... if you're not doing anything.

JEAN

Oh no. I have no plans.

BATEMAN

(lowering his Wayfarers)
Well, isn't this a coincidence.

A pause.

BATEMAN

Listen, where should we go?

He leans back and pulls a Zagat's from the desk drawer.

JEAN

Anywhere you want?

BATEMAN

Let's not think about what I want.
How about anywhere you want.

JEAN

Oh Patrick, I can't make this
decision.

BATEMAN

No, come on. Anywhere you want.

JEAN

Oh, I can't. (sighs) I don't know.

BATEMAN

Come on. Where do you want to go?
Anywhere you want. Just say it. I
can get us in anywhere.

A long pause.

JEAN

What about... Dorsia?

Bateman stops looking through the Zagat guide and smiles at
her.

BATEMAN

Soooo... Dorsia is where Jean wants
to go....

JEAN

Oh I don't know. No, we'll go
anywhere you want.

BATEMAN

Dorsia is... fine.

He dials the number.

DORSIA MAITRE D'

Dorsia, yes?

BATEMAN

Yes, can you take two tonight, oh,
let's say, in around twenty minutes?

He checks his Rolex and winks at Jean.

MAITRE D'
We are totally booked.

BATEMAN
Oh really? That's great.

MAITRE D'
I said we are totally booked.

BATEMAN
Two at nine? Perfect.

MAITRE D'
There are no tables available
tonight. The waiting list is also
totally booked.

BATEMAN
See you then.

He hangs up the phone. He walks over to the coat rack.
Glances over at Jean who is still standing in front of the
desk, confused.

BATEMAN
Yes? You're dressed...okay.

JEAN
You didn't give them a name.

BATEMAN
They know me.

Pause.

BATEMAN
Why don't you meet me at my house
at 7:00 for drinks, OK?

She turns to leave.

BATEMAN
And Jean? You'll want to change
before we go out.

INTERIOR/BATEMAN'S APARTMENT/EARLY EVENING

JEAN

Patrick it's so...elegant. What a wonderful view.

BATEMAN opens up the freezer where DAISY's head is clearly visible. JEAN has her back to him.

BATEMAN
Jean? Sorbet?

JEAN
Thanks, Patrick. I'd love some.

He brings her the sorbet and leads her out of the room with a bottle of wine and a corkscrew in his hand.

JEAN is eating the sorbet.

JEAN
Want a bite?

BATEMAN
I'm on a diet. But thank you.

JEAN
You don't need to lose any weight.
You're kidding, right? You look great. Very fit.

BATEMAN
(weighing corkscrew, examining the point for sharpness)
You can always be thinner. Look... better.

JEAN
Well, maybe we shouldn't go out to dinner. I don't want to ruin your willpower.

BATEMAN
No. It's all right. I'm not very good at controlling it anyway.

Silence, as BATEMAN walks around his apartment, opens up his knife drawer, looking at the knives.

BATEMAN
So listen, what do you really want to do with your life?

Pause.

BATEMAN

And don't tell me you enjoy working with children, okay?

JEAN

Well, I'd like to travel. And maybe go back to school, but I really don't know... I'm at a point in my life where there seems to be a lot of possibilities, but I'm so... I don't know... unsure.

BATEMAN is touching a knife in the drawer, feeling the edge of the blade.

BATEMAN

Do you have a boyfriend?

JEAN

No, not really.

BATEMAN

Interesting.

JEAN

(shyly)
Are you seeing anyone? I mean, seriously?

BATEMAN

Maybe. I don't know. Not really.

Bateman opens up a cupboard where there are a lot of very neatly ordered weapons - an ax, a rifle, electric saw, duct tape, twine and a nail gun.

BATEMAN

Jean, do you feel... fulfilled? I mean, in your life?

JEAN

Well, I guess I do. For a long time I was too focused on my work, I think, but now I've really begun to think about changing myself, you know, developing, and...growing.

BATEMAN

Growing. I'm glad you said that.

Bateman picks up the duct tape.

BATEMAN

Did you know that Ted Bundy's first dog, a collie, was named Lassie? Had you heard this?

JEAN
Who's Ted Bundy?

BATEMAN
Forget it.

JEAN
What's that?

BATEMAN
Oh. Uh, tape. Duct tape. I...need it for...taping something.

Bateman goes back to the cupboard for the nail gun.

JEAN
Patrick, have you ever wanted to make someone happy?

Jean puts her spoon down on the table.

BATEMAN
(looking up from loading nails into the gun) What... No! Put it in the carton.

JEAN
Sorry. (she puts the spoon in the carton)

BATEMAN
Jean? What?

JEAN
Make someone happy - have you ever wanted to?

BATEMAN walks across the room and stands behind the couch.

BATEMAN
I'm looking for... I guess you could say I just want to have a meaningful relationship with someone special.

JEAN
Hmmm....

He is pointing the nail gun at the back of her head.

The phone rings. Startled, BATEMAN hides the nail gun behind his back. The answering machine picks up. As BATEMAN listens he discreetly places the nail gun behind the couch. He sits down opposite JEAN, enjoying her discomfort as she listens to the message.

EVELYN

Patrick. I know you're there. Pick up the phone you bad boy. What are you up to tonight? It's me. Don't try to hide. I hope you're not out with some little number you picked up because you're my Mr. Bateman. My boy next door. Patrick. Pick up the phone right now. You're so silly. It's silly. Pick it up. Anyway you never called me and you said you would and I'll leave a message for Jean about this too to remind you but we're having dinner with Meredith and Tim tomorrow night - oh god - if their relationship even lasts that long. So I'm going to meet Melania... you know Melania, she went to Sweet Briar, and Taylor, he went to Cornell, and we're meeting at the Cornell Club, so I'll call you tomorrow morning probably or you can call me if you don't get in too late - bye honey --ooops! you hate that. By Mr.Big Time CEO Patrick. Bye. Bye.

Silence. JEAN is obviously embarrassed and upset.

JEAN

Was that ... Evelyn?

Silence.

JEAN

Are you still seeing her?

Silence

JEAN

I'm sorry, I have no right to ask that.

Silence.

JEAN

Do you want me to go?

TB
A long pause.

BATEMAN

Yes. I don't think I can ...
control myself.

JEAN

I know I should go. I know I have a
tendency to get involved with
unavailable men, and... I mean, do
you want me to go?

Another long pause.

BATEMAN

If you stay, I think something bad
will happen. I think I might hurt
you. (Almost hopefully) You don't
want to get hurt, do you?

JEAN

No. No, I guess not. I don't want
to get bruised. You're right, I
should go.

She gets up to leave.

JEAN

And don't forget you have a
breakfast meeting with Frederick
Bennet and and Charles Rust at '21.

BATEMAN

Thanks. It slipped my mind
completely.

He sinks back on the sofa and shuts his eyes.

SUMMER MONTAGE

BATEMAN V/O

Life remained a blank canvas, a
cliché, a soap opera. I felt lethal,
on the verge of frenzy. My nightly
bloodlust overflowed into my days
and I had to leave the city. My
mask of sanity was a victim of
impending slippage. This was the
bone season for me and I needed a
vacation. I needed to go to the
Hamptons.

Voice over with the following images:

BATEMAN and EVELYN driving in a convertible on the L.F.E.

A house on the water in East Hampton.

The interior: Huge, minimalist, hi-tech, cold and white.

EVELYN and BATEMAN riding bicycle, wind surfing.

The two of them laying on the beach, BATEMAN reading "The Art of the Deal" by Donald Trump.

The two of them buying a black lab puppy.

Skinny-dipping in the ocean.

Making dinner. Drinking champagne.

Breakfast in bed. Flowers, tea, Hermes plates. BATEMAN nuzzling EVELYN while reading "A Farewell to Arms" to her.

BATEMAN alone on the moonlit beach, dragging a huge beached jellyfish back to the house.

He shoves it into the microwave. Does a line of coke.

BATEMAN and EVELYN playing tennis.

BATEMAN standing over EVELYN with a ski pole while she sleeps in bed, wearing a face mask.

BATEMAN gets a massage, a facial.

BATEMAN trying to shove the squirming puppy into a huge Cuisinart. EVELYN walks in and he pretends to be petting it.

BATEMAN and EVELYN in an expensive Hamptons restaurant with couples just like them all around.

A helicopter flying back to Manhattan.

INT/BATEMAN'S OFFICE/DAY

KIMBALL is interrogating BATEMAN.

KIMBALL

Sorry to bother you, Bateman. I actually came to see Timothy Price, but he's taken a leave of absence.

BATEMAN

Yeah, gone into rehab. Shame.
(hopefully) Is he a suspect?

KIMBALL

Not really.

There's a pause.

KIMBALL

Do you remember where you were on
the night of Paul's disappearance?
(He checks his notebook) Which was
on the twenty-fourth of June?

BATEMAN

God... I guess... I was probably
returning videotapes.

He opens his desk drawer and pretends to search through his
diary.

BATEMAN

I had a date with a girl named
Veronica.

KIMBALL

Wait. That's not what I've got.

BATEMAN

What?

KIMBALL

That's not the information I've
received.

BATEMAN

Well....I...Wait...What information
have you received?

KIMBALL

Lets see (he flips through his
notebook) That you were with--

BATEMAN

Well, I could be wrong.

KIMBALL

WellWhen was the last time you
were with Paul Owen?

BATEMAN

(clearly nervous and under pressure)
We had gone to a new musical
called ... 'Oh Africa, Brave

Africa'. It was ... a laugh riot... and that's about it. I think we had dinner at Orso's. No Petaluma. No, Orso's. The last time I physically saw him was at an automated teller. I can't remember which ... just one that was near, um, Nell's.

Kimball is somewhat giving up on Bateman for now. He opens his briefcase to put away his notebook.

KIMBALL

Well, thank you, Mr. Bateman.

BATEMAN

Patrick, please. I hope I've been informative. Long day - a bit scattered.

KIMBALL

Listen, I'm a little spent for now but how about lunch in a week or so when I've sorted out all this information?

BATEMAN

Great, yes, I'd like that.

KIMBALL

And if you could try and pin down where you were the night of Owen's disappearance, it would make my job a lot easier.

BATEMAN

Absolutely. I'm with you on that one.

KIMBALL is rifling through his brief case. He pulls out a new shrink-wrapped CD and holds it up.

KIMBALL

Huey Lewis and the News. Great stuff. Heard it? I just bought it on my way here.

BATEMAN

(stunned, terrified)
Never. I mean... I don't really like... singers.

KIMBALL

Not a big music fan, eh?

BATEMAN

No, I like music. Just - they're - Huey's too... black sounding. For me.

KIMBALL

Well, to each his own. So -- lunch, Thursday? I'll call your secretary about reservations.

BATEMAN

I'll be there.

EXT/MEAT PACKING DISTRICT/INT/ LIMOUSINE/NIGHT

The same street corner where BATEMAN found CHRISTIE before. The limo is kept idling as he talks to her through a half-opened window.

CHRISTIE

I'm not so sure about this. I had to go to Emergency after last time...

BATEMAN

Oh this won't be anything like last time, I promise.

CHRISTY

I don't think so.

He hands her five hundred dollars.

BATEMAN

Just come in the limo and talk to me for a minute. The driver's here, you'll be safe.

CHRISTIE gets in hesitantly.

BATEMAN

Nothing like last time, promise.

CHRISTIE

Allright.

He pours her a shot of vodka and makes her drink it.

BATEMAN

(Chatting as if they were at a cocktail party)

So, you're looking great, how have you been?

CHRISTIE
(a little confused)
Well, I actually might need a little surgery after last time.

BATEMAN
(mock shock)
Really?

CHRISTIE
My friend told me I should maybe even get a lawyer.

BATEMAN
Oh, lawyers are so complicated - don't do that. Here.

He writes her a check for \$1,000 to cash.

CHRISTIE
Well, what about for tonight?

BATEMAN holds out \$2,000 in a money clip, teasing her with it.

BATEMAN
Okay, your name is Christie. We're meeting a friend of mine, Elizabeth. She'll be joining us in my new apartment shortly. You'll like her. She's a very nice girl. Don't say anything about yourself. Is that clear, Christie?

CHRISTIE nods.

INTERIOR/PAUL OWEN'S APARTMENT/NIGHT

The living room: ELIZABETH has kicked off her shoes and flopped down on the couch underneath the Baselitz. CHRISTIE is sitting on the couch opposite her, pretending to examine a CD.

ELIZABETH
You look really familiar. Did you go to Dalton?

TB

CHRISTIE shakes her head.

The kitchen: BATEMAN is grinding up tabs of Ecstasy and putting them in a wineglass.

In the living room ELIZABETH is still staring at CHRISTIE as if she comes from Mars.

ELIZABETH

I think I met you at Au Bar, didn't I? With Spicey?

CHRISTIE looks blank.

ELIZABETH

Well, maybe not with Spicey but it was definitely at Au Bar.

Christie still blank.

ELIZABETH

You know, Au Bar?

Christie shakes her head.

ELIZABETH

Anyway, Au Bar sucks now, it's terrible. I went to a birthday party there for Malcolm Forbes. Oh my God, please.

PATRICK enters carrying the bottle of wine and two glasses.

CHRISTIE, who seems frightened, sips her wine and stares at the floor. There is an awkward silence.

CHRISTIE

This is nicer than your other apartment.

BATEMAN

(offended that she prefers OWEN's apartment)
It's not that nice.

Silence.

CHRISTIE

Where did you two meet?

ELIZABETH

Oh God! I met him at, oh God, the Kentucky Derby in '86 -- no, '87, and...(turning to Patrick) You were

hanging out with that bimbo Allison Poole. (Sarcastically) Hot number.

BATEMAN

What do you mean, she was a hot number.

ELIZABETH

If you had an American Express card she'd give you a blow job. (to CHRISTIE) Listen, this girl worked in a tanning salon, need I say more?.... What do you do?

A long silence. CHRISTIE reddens and stares at the floor.

BATEMAN

She's my... cousin.

ELIZABETH

(skeptically)
Uh huh?

BATEMAN

She's from ... France.

A pause. ELIZABETH looks at BATEMAN dubiously.

ELIZABETH

Where's your phone? I've got to call Harley.

BATEMAN hands her a cordless phone. She dials, and stares at Christie while she waits for someone to answer.

ELIZABETH

Where do you summer? Southampton?

CHRISTIE looks at BATEMAN and then back at ELIZABETH.

CHRISTIE

No.

ELIZABETH

(listening to the receiver) Oh god, it's his machine.

BATEMAN

Elizabeth, it's three in the morning.

ELIZABETH

He's a goddamn drug dealer! These are his peak hours.

BATEMAN

Don't tell him you're here.

ELIZABETH

Why would I?

BATEMAN has poured her another glass of wine. She downs the whole glass, making a face.

ELIZABETH

This tastes weird. (She examines the label and shrugs.) Harley? It's me. I need your services. Translate that anyway you'd like. I'm at --

BATEMAN

(whispering)
You're at Paul Owen's.

ELIZABETH

Who?

BATEMAN

(whispering)
Paul Owen.

ELIZABETH

I want the *number*, idiot. (She waves him away and continues into the receiver) Anyway, I'm at Paul Norman's and I'll try you later and if I don't see you at Canal Bar tomorrow night I'm going to sick my hairdresser on you.

She hangs up.

ELIZABETH

Do you have any coke? Or Halcion?
I'd take a Halcion.

BATEMAN

Listen, I would just like to see... the two of you... get it on. What's wrong with that? It's totally disease-free.

ELIZABETH

(laughing)
Patrick, you're a lunatic.

BATEMAN

Come on. Don't you find Christie attractive?

ELIZABETH
Let's not get lewd. (flirty) I'm
in no mood to have a lewd
conversation.

BATEMAN
Come on. I think it would be a
turn-on.

ELIZABETH
(to Christie)
Does he do this all the time?

Christie shrugs.

BATEMAN
Are you telling me you've never
gotten it on with a girl?

ELIZABETH
No! I'm not a lesbian. Why do you
think I'd be into that?

BATEMAN
Well, you went to Sarah Lawrence for
one thing.

ELIZABETH
Those are Sarah Lawrence guys,
Patrick. You're making me feel
weird.

LATER:

ELIZABETH is now writhing around on the couch and making out
with CHRISTIE.

BATEMAN holds up a Whitney Houston CD, showing them the
picture of Whitney on the cover.

BATEMAN
Did you know that Whitney Houston's
debut LP called simply "Whitney
Houston" had four number one singles
on it? Did you know that, Christie?
Whitney's voice leaps across so many
boundaries and is so versatile --
though she's mainly a jazz singer -
that it's hard to take in the album
on a first listening.

ELIZABETH

You actually listen to Whitney Houston? You actually have a Whitney Houston CD? More than one? (She giggles, rolling off the sofa onto the floor.)

BATEMAN

(ignoring her)
It's hard to choose a favorite track among so many great ones, but "The Greatest Love of All" is one of the best, most powerful songs ever written about self-preservation and dignity. It's universal message crosses all boundaries, and instills one with the hope that it's not too late to better ourselves, to act kinder. Since, Elizabeth, it's impossible in the world we live in to empathize with others, we can always empathize with ourselves.

As he speaks, he opens the case and carefully places the CD in the player, admiring its pristine silver surface, and watches it slide into the machine.

BATEMAN

It's an important message, crucial, really, and it's beautifully stated on the album.

CUT TO:

ELIZABETH, CHRISTIE and BATEMAN in the throes of sex, in BATEMAN's bedroom. The only sounds are moans, heavy breathing and the slapping of flesh.

BATEMAN is going down on ELIZABETH, while CHRISTIE sits on her face. ELIZABETH is panting in genuine pleasure, moaning loudly. Her voice gets louder and louder and then shifts to actual pain, as she tries to push BATEMAN away from her. She is trying to scream now, but her screams are muffled by CHRISTIE on her face. While Elizabeth is writhing in pain, BATEMAN lifts his head and his face is covered with blood. CHRISTIE screams and leaps off the bed, running out of the room.

We follow CHRISTIE out of the room, panicking, screaming.

CHRISTIE, naked and screaming, runs down a darkened hallway, frantically opening doors, looking for an escape. She hears the sound of a chainsaw coming from the bedroom. She opens a closet and sees two skinned women hanging from ropes. She

TB
screams, then claps a hand over her mouth. She stops and listens.

She backs away slowly, into another dark room. She sees a head on the top of the TV and starts to whimper.

She runs towards the nearest door. Finding herself in the main hallway, she begins to jog toward the front door, then run.

BATEMAN appears, holding a chainsaw, blood spattered on him.

CHRISTIE screams and changes direction.

BATEMAN leaps at her, bellowing.

They run through the bathroom, CHRISTIE trips over ELIZABETH's body, which is half in the bathroom. The floor is slick with blood. Both are slipping on the bloody floor.

CHRISTIE falls, tries to get up. BATEMAN grabs her leg. He tries to bite it.

She kicks him in the face and gets up, running toward the front door.

He runs after her.

BATEMAN

Not the face, you bitch. Not the
fucking face you piece of bitch
trash.

CHRISTIE, screaming, makes it out the front door. BATEMAN, still holding the chainsaw, runs after her.

She runs down the hall screaming and banging on doors. She moves to the elevator, pounding hysterically on the buttons. She sees the stairwell and runs for it.

BATEMAN sees this and runs after her with the chainsaw.

She runs down the stairs, BATEMAN two flights behind her. He stops, looks over the railing at her, then aims the whirring chainsaw at her and drops it.

CHRISTIE screams, then stops screaming. Her body is sprawled in the stairwell. The chainsaw sticks out of her back.

INT/CRAYONS/EARLY EVENING

TB
An insanely expensive restaurant with a childhood motif: paper tablecloths and jars of crayons for drawing, lots of primary colors, and a goldfish bowl on each table.

BATEMAN is at a table with EVELYN, MCDERMOTT and MCDERMOTT's blonde girlfriend. They are all drawing on the tablecloth. BATEMAN is drawing CHRISTIE with the chainsaw in her back.

The camera wanders around the room, focusing on different types, as we hear BATEMAN's thoughts.

BATEMAN V/O

I cannot seem to control myself, here in a room that contains a whole host of victims. Lately I can't help noticing them everywhere -- in business meetings, nightclubs, restaurants, in passing taxis and in elevators, on line at automated tellers and on porno tapes, in David's Cookies and on CNN, everywhere, all of them having one thing in common: they are prey, and during dinner I almost become unglued, plummeting into a state of near vertigo that forces me to excuse myself before dessert...

BATEMAN gets up from the table.

BATEMAN

Excuse me. I have to return some video tapes.

EXT/TRIBECA STREET/EVENING

BATEMAN wanders into misty Tribeca streets, sees a stray cat.

BATEMAN

Here kitty, kitty.

The small mangy cat rubs against him, he picks it up and walks toward an ATM holding the cat. He puts his card in the machine. The screen reads: FEED ME A STRAY CAT.

BATEMAN begins to attempt to shove the kitten into the deposit slot with some difficulty. The kitten squeals. He takes a gun from out of his pocket and points it at the kitten. He doesn't notice the woman waiting behind him.

WOMAN

Oh my god! Stop that! What are you doing?

BATEMAN wheels around and shoots her in the face. A squad car is cruising by, turns on it's siren at the sound of the gunshot. BATEMAN breaks into a run. The car screeches after him.

COP CAR

HALT. STOP. PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPON.

BATEMAN ducks down an alley, losing the cop car and hails a cab. He jumps into the front seat.

BATEMAN

GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE! FAST!

He is waving the gun at the driver.

DRIVER

(holding his hands up)
Don't shoot! Don't kill me!

BATEMAN

Oh shit. DRIVE!

The driver is hysterical, not driving.

DRIVER

Oh man, don't shoot me.

BATEMAN

(muttering)
Fuck yourself.

BATEMAN shoots the DRIVER in the face, blood splatters on the windshield. He pushes the body out of the car and begins to drive, almost colliding with another cab because he can't see out of the blood-covered windshield.

He turns on the windshield wipers, realizes the blood is on the inside of the car and tries to wipe it away with his gloved hand, runs the cab into a restaurant, Lotus Blossom, and shattering the windows.

He tries to put the cab in reverse but can't, and staggers out of it into the street, limping and panting.

A COP is rushing him, seemingly from out of nowhere, and tackles him, trying to get the gun away from him. BATEMAN manages to shoot the cop in the face while both of them have their hands on the gun, then shoots him again.

He reloads the gun as he hears the sound of more cop cars arriving. They leap out and begin shooting at him (he is hiding behind the first squad car), and he shoots back, almost randomly, until one bullet hits a gas tank and one of the cars goes up in flames.

He runs from the scene, past a row of Porches, trying to open each one, setting off their alarms. He runs until he ends up in front of a tall, brilliantly lit office building. The lights in the building are going off floor by floor. He rushes into the lobby, running for the elevator. He realizes that it's the wrong building, and whirls around to get to the revolving doors.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

Burning the midnight oil, Mr. Smith?
You forgot to sign in.

BATEMAN wheels around and shoots him, leaps into the revolving doors, then notices a janitor who has witnessed the shooting and comes back into the lobby and shoots the janitor. He runs out of the building and across the street to Pierce and Pierce.

He nods at the night watchman, signs in, goes up to his office. It's a corner office, with an incredible view of the city and the river. He can see the building across the way, a helicopter with a search light, two ambulances, a SWAT team getting out of the helicopter, flares everywhere.

He crouches in a corner of his office, sobbing, talking into the phone.

BATEMAN

Harold, it's Bateman. Patrick Bateman. You're a lawyer so I think you should know - I've killed a lot of people. Some escort girls, in an apartment uptown, some homeless people, maybe five or ten, an NYU girl I met in Central Park. I left her in a parking lot, near Dunkin' Donuts. I killed Bethany, my old girlfriend, with a nail gun, and a man, some old faggot with a dog.

Last week I killed another escort girl with a chainsaw - I had to, she almost got away. There was someone else there, maybe a model, I can't remember but she's dead too. And Paul Owen. I killed Paul Owen with an ax, in the face. His body is

dissolving in a bathtub in Hell's Kitchen. I don't want to leave anything out here -

I guess I've killed 20 people, maybe 40 - I have tapes of a lot of it. Some of the girls have seen the tapes, I even... well I ate some of their brains and I tried to cook a little. Tonight I just, well I had to kill a lot of people and I'm not sure I'm going to get away with it this time - I mean I guess I'm a pretty sick guy.

So - if you get back tomorrow, I may show up at Harry's Bar so, you know, keep your eyes open.

BATEMAN hangs up the phone. The search light of another helicopter beams in, briefly illuminating the room, where BATEMAN is crouched in a corner staring at the sky.

INT/ SMITH AND WOLLENSKY RESTAURANT/DAY

KIMBALL and BATEMAN are sitting at a corner table.

KIMBALL
(very surprised)
No hash browns?

BATEMAN
Not in the mood, I guess.

KIMBALL
But... everyone orders the hash browns here. I mean-- it's-- have you been here before?

BATEMAN
(deliberately nonchalant)
Yes, of course. The hash browns are delicious. I'm just... not... ordering them.

KIMBALL
(looking at him like he's nuts)
Suit yourself, I guess.

Pause.

KIMBALL

So, the night he disappeared? Any new thoughts on what you did?

BATEMAN

I'm not really sure. I had a shower...and some sorbet?

KIMBALL

I think maybe you've got your dates mixed up.

BATEMAN

But how? Where do you place Paul that night?

KIMBALL

According to his date book, and this was verified by his secretary, he had dinner with ... Marcus Halberstam.

BATEMAN

And?

KIMBALL

I've questioned him.

BATEMAN

Marcus?

KIMBALL

Yes. And he denies it. Though at first he couldn't be sure.

BATEMAN

But Marcus denied it?

KIMBALL

Yes.

BATEMAN

Well, does Marcus have an alibi?

KIMBALL

Yes.

A pause.

BATEMAN

He does ? You're sure?

KIMBALL

(smiling)
I checked it out. It's clean.

BATEMAN

Oh.

KIMBALL

Now where were you ? (He laughs)

BATEMAN

(laughing with him)
Where was Marcus?

KIMBALL

He wasn't with Paul Owen.

BATEMAN

So who was he with?

KIMBALL

He was at Atlantis with Craig McDermott, Frederick Dibble, Harry Newman, George Butner and -- (he pauses, then looks up) -- you.

A moment of stunned silence.

BATEMAN

Oh, right. Of course.... We had wanted Paul Owen to come. But he said he had plans... I guess I had dinner with Victoria... the following night.

KIMBALL

Personally I think the guy went a little nutso. Split town for a while. Maybe he *did* go to London. Sightseeing. Drinking. Whatever. Anyway, I'm pretty sure he'll turn up sooner or later. (a pause) I mean to think that one of his friends killed him, for no reason whatsoever would be too ridiculous. Isn't that right, Patrick?

MCDERMOTT stops by the table.

MCDERMOTT

What is this? You can't eat at Smith and Wollensky without ordering the hash browns. Jesus Bateman, you're a raving maniac. Been at Pierce & Pierce too long. (he wanders off muttering:) No fucking hash browns.

INT/PAUL OWEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING/DAY

BATEMAN walks into the lobby PAUL OWEN's building. He has a surgical mask in one hand.

DOORMAN

What can I do for you, sir?

BATEMAN

20B.

DOORMAN

Of course. Mrs. Wolfe is up there right now.

BATEMAN

Mrs.... Wolfe?

DOORMAN

The real estate agent? You do have an appointment, don't you?

BATEMAN steps out of the elevator and walks cautiously down the hallway.

OWEN's door is open. The apartment is freshly painted white, and has been immaculately redecorated. There are flowers everywhere, and a young yuppie couple stands admiring the place.

MRS. WOLFE

Are you my eleven o'clock?

BATEMAN

No.

MRS. WOLFE eyes him strangely, then looks down at the surgical mask clutched in his hand. Her expression changes.

MRS. WOLFE

Can I help you?

BATEMAN

I'm looking for... Paul Owen's... place.

She stares at him impassively.

BATEMAN

Doesn't he live here?

MRS. WOLFE
No, He doesn't.

BATEMAN
Are you sure?

MRS. WOLFE
You saw the ad in the Times?

BATEMAN
No. Yes. I mean yes, I did. In
the Times. But... doesn't Paul Owen
still live here?

MRS. WOLFE
There was no ad in the Times.

BATEMAN is shaking as they continue to stare at each other.

MRS. WOLFE
I think you should go now.

BATEMAN
But I think.. I want to know what
happened here.

MRS. WOLFE
Don't make any trouble. Please. I
suggest you go.

BATEMAN backs away slowly.

MRS. WOLFE
Don't come back.

BATEMAN
I won't... don't worry.

MRS. WOLFE glares at him as he walks down the hall, rattled,
and gets into the elevator.

INT/TAXI/DAY

BATEMAN is inside a cab, wearing a Walkman, reading the
newspaper. The driver keeps looking in the rear view mirror
suspiciously at BATEMAN. Finally he knocks on the Plexiglas
divider.

DRIVER
Hey - don't I know you, man?

BATEMAN

What? What do you want? Harry's.

DRIVER

You look familiar. What's your name?

BATEMAN

Chris Hagen.

DRIVER

No, man. I know you.

BATEMAN

I'm a model. Movie actor. I'm in a movie.

DRIVER

(realizing)
No, man, that's not it.

BATEMAN

(leaning in to read his name)
Well, Abdullah, do you have a membership at the Polo Club?

BATEMAN starts to put his Walkman back on.

DRIVER

Wait a minute- I know who you are.

BATEMAN

Just watch the road, Abdullah.

DRIVER

You're the guy who killed Solly.

BATEMAN is slightly taken aback.

BATEMAN

You're driving really fast- and who, may I ask, is Sally?

DRIVER

You're on a wanted poster downtown, man.

BATEMAN

I would like to stop here.

DRIVER

You son of a bitch. You killed Solly.

He swerves off the highway and into a deserted parking area.

BATEMAN

You've, like, incorrectly identified me, Abdullah.

The driver turns around and pulls a gun on him.

DRIVER

The watch. The Rolex.

BATEMAN silently squirms.

DRIVER

The watch, scumbag. Get the fuck out of the car.

BATEMAN hands it over reluctantly.

DRIVER

Your wallet. Just the cash.

BATEMAN

(getting out of the cab)
I'm innocent, you're mistaken, I don't know what-

DRIVER

Shut up. Shut your fucking mouth.

The cab screeches away.

BATEMAN

(shouting)
You're a dead man, Abdullah! No joke. Count on it.

INT/KOSHER DELI/DAY

Freaked out and sweating, BATEMAN walks into a Kosher deli. He approaches the HOSTESS behind the register.

BATEMAN

Listen. I have a reservation.
Bateman. Where's the Maitre D'?

The HOSTESS sighs.

HOSTESS

I can seat you. You don't need a reservation.

She leads him to a table in the back and he grabs the menu from her and rushes to a table in the front. BATEMAN looks at the menu, shocked.

BATEMAN

Is this a goddamn joke?

A waitress is standing at his table.

BATEMAN

A cheeseburger. I'd like a cheeseburger and I'd like it medium rare.

WAITRESS

I'm sorry, sir. No cheese. Kosher.

BATEMAN

Kosher? Fine. A kosherburger, but with cheese.

WAITRESS

No cheese, sir. Kosher.

BATEMAN

(muttering)
Oh god, is this a nightmare, you fucking Jew? (to her) Cottage cheese? Just bring it.

WAITRESS

I'll get the manager.

BATEMAN

Whatever. Just bring me a beverage in the meanwhile.

WAITRESS

Yes?

BATEMAN

A ... vanilla... milkshake.

WAITRESS

No milk shakes. Kosher. I'll get the manager.

BATEMAN

No, wait. (he slaps his AmEx on the table.) What the fuck is going on?

The manager is walking toward them.

BATEMAN

Fucking vanilla milkshake! Extra thick!

BATEMAN sees the manager and leaps up from the table.

BATEMAN
Fuck yourself you retarded
cocksucking kike!

He runs out of the restaurant and into the street.

EXT/DEPARTMENT STORE/DAY

BATEMAN enters the revolving door of an office building, panicking and breathing heavily. He is sweating, his hair is wild, and he looks deranged. He goes around the revolving door twice and comes out onto the street again, where he bumps smack into a guy just like him.

GUY
Hey, Kinsley.

BATEMAN looks up at him wild-eyed.

GUY
See you at Fluties, okay?

The guy walks away, utterly unfazed.

INT/HARRY'S/EVENING

BATEMAN comes into the bar, a little cleaned up from the previous scene (he's smoothed his hair), but still panicking and disheveled. He spots his friends in a corner, sits down, still breathing heavily.

PRICE is on his phone, trying to get reservations.

MCDERMOTT
Bateman, you're looking a little
wild-eyed - rough day at the office?

They all laugh.

MCDERMOTT
Hey look - Price is back. And he's
drinking Perrier. He's a changed
man. Except...he still can't get a
reservation to save his life.

BATEMAN sits down silently.

MCDERMOTT

Why don't you try 150? Just fucking call them.

BATEMAN

(on automatic)
I'm not going anywhere unless we have a reservation.

VAN PATTEN

Le Cirque, Flamingo East, Oyster Bar, come on, faggots - just get a res.

PRICE

Keep your shirt on. Maybe lose the suspenders.

BATEMAN spots HAROLD CARNES at the bar, tenses.

BATEMAN

(he downs his drink)
Excuse me, gentleman. Right back.

He approaches CARNES cautiously.

CARNES

Face it - the Japanese will own most of this country by the end of the 90s.

BATEMAN approaches, trying to act casual.

BATEMAN

Shut up, Carnes, they will not.

CARNES is surprised, turns around, looks vaguely confused.

BATEMAN

So Harold, did you get my message?

CARNES lights a cigarette, stalling. Then laughs.

CARNES

Jesus, Davis. Yes. That was hilarious. That was you, wasn't it?

BATEMAN

(waving smoke out of his face)
Yes, naturally.

CARNES

Bateman killing Owen and the escort girls? Oh that's fabulous. That's rich.

Pause.

CARNES

It was a pretty long message, wasn't it?

BATEMAN

What exactly do you mean?

CARNES

The message you left.

CARNES is distracted, waving at people.

CARNES

By the way, Davis, how is Cynthia? You're still seeing her, right?

BATEMAN

But wait, Harold, what do you mean?

CARNES isn't really listening.

CARNES

Excuse me. Nothing. Good to see you. Is that Edward Towers?

He turns to go.

BATEMAN

Carnes? Wait.

CARNES

(sighing)
Davis. I'm not one to bad mouth anyone, your joke was amusing. But come on, man, you had one fatal flaw: Bateman's such a dork, such a boring, spineless lightweight, that I couldn't fully appreciate it. I wasn't fooled for a second. Now, if you'd said Price, or McDermott...Otherwise, it was amusing. Now, let's have lunch or dinner or something. Hilarious, Davis. A killer.

BATEMAN

What are you talking about? Bateman is what?

CARNES

Oh Christ, why else would Evelyn Williams dump him? You know, really. He can barely pick up an escort girl, let alone ... what was it you said he did to her?

CARNES looks around the club, raises his glass to a passing couple. He laughs politely.

CARNES

Now, if you'll excuse me, I really must...

BATEMAN

(desperate, shouting)
Wait. Stop. You don't seem to understand. You're not really comprehending any of this. I killed him. I did it, Carnes. I'm Patrick Bateman. I chopped Owen's fucking head off. I tortured dozens of girls. The whole message I left on your machine was true.

CARNES

Excuse me. I really must be going.

BATEMAN

No! Now Carnes, listen to me. Listen very, very carefully. I killed Paul Owen and I liked it. I can't make myself any clearer.

CARNES

But that's simply not possible. And I don't find this funny anymore.

BATEMAN

It never was supposed to be! Why isn't it possible?

CARNES

(eyeing BATEMAN worriedly)
It's just not.

BATEMAN

Why not, you stupid bastard?

CARNES stares at him.

CARNES

Because I had dinner with Paul Owen twice in London... just ten days ago.

BATEMAN

No, you... didn't?

CARNES

Now, Donaldson - if you'll excuse me.

BATEMAN returns back to his friends' table, in a daze.

They are all looking at the television, where Ronald Reagan is giving a speech about Iran Contra. They are half-heartedly arguing about whether or not he's lying.

PRICE

How can he lie like that? How can he pull that shit?

VAN PATTEN

What shit? Now where do we have reservations at? I mean I'm not really hungry, but I would like to have reservations somewhere.

PRICE

(to Bateman)

I don't believe it. He looks so normal. He seems so... out of it. So...undangerous.

MCDERMOTT

He is totally harmless, you geek. Was totally harmless. Just like you are totally harmless. But he did do all that shit and you have failed to get us into 150, so, you know what can I say?

PRICE

I just don't see how someone, anyone, can appear that way and yet be involved in such total shit. How can you be so fucking, I don't know, cool about it?

VAN PATTEN

Some guys are just born cool, I guess.

BATEMAN laughs at this. PRICE shoots him a look.

PRICE

And Bateman, what are you so fucking zany about?

BATEMAN

I'm just a happy camper. Rockin' and a rollin'.

VAN PATTEN

(to PRICE)

Rehab's done wonders for you, pal. Working for UNICEF now?

MCDERMOTT

Do you want another Perrier, Timothy? Some seltzer water?

PRICE

Oh brother. Look - he presents himself as a harmless old codger. But inside...

Pause.

PRICE

But inside...

The sounds of the bar fade away and we hear BATEMAN's thoughts:

BATEMAN V/O

But inside doesn't matter...

The sounds of the bar return.

MCDERMOTT

(bored)

Inside? Yes, inside? Believe it or not, Price, we're actually listening to you.

PRICE

Bateman? Come on, what do you think?

BATEMAN looks up and smiles at PRICE. Then shrugs.

BATEMAN

Whatever.

The conversation breaks up, as VAN PATTEN takes out his phone.

VAN PATTEN

Whose moronic idea was it to drink dry beers? I need a scotch.

The sounds of the bar fade down. The following voice over runs over images of BATEMAN and his friends ordering drinks, talking on portable phones, talking, laughing -- combined with images of other, very similar young men at other tables drinking, talking on portable phones, talking, laughing.

BATEMAN V/O

There are no more barriers to cross. All I have in common with the uncontrollable and the insane, the vicious and the evil, all the mayhem I have caused and my utter indifference toward it, I have now surpassed... My pain is constant and sharp and I do not hope for a better world for anyone. In fact I want my pain to be inflicted on others. I want no one to escape. But even after admitting this, there is no catharsis.

The scene end on BATEMAN, leaning back in his leather armchair, drinking a double scotch, his eyes blank.

BATEMAN V/O

I gain no deeper knowledge about myself, no new knowledge can be extracted from my telling. There has been no reason for me to tell you any of this. This confession has meant nothing...

The camera moves up to a sign on the wall behind him: 'THIS IS NOT AN EXIT'.